THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1866.

Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Whole Number Issued, 2327. Single Number 5 Cents.

THE SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

REDUCTION OF $10.00.

A SPLENDID OFFER.

If our readers be not entirely asleep upon this subject of Sewing Machines, we design now to stir them up a little.

While we have sent a number of Sewing Machines to the getters-up of Clubs, that number has been ridiculously small, compared to what it ought to be.

We will now reduce the rates—at least for a time—and see if we can set some thousands of our readers to work, for their advantage and ours.

To every one who will send us a Club of

20 Subscribers and $60.00

or

30 Subscribers and $75.00

we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's $65 Sewing Machines.

This is a reduction, as it will be seen, of TEN DOLLARS from our previous offers.

The Clubs may be made up either of subscriptions to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, or to THE LADY'S FRIEND, or to both periodicals.

There is no "humbug," as some appear to think, about this offer. The Machine sent will be the Wheeler & Wilson's Machine which is sold in this city and New York for FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS cash. It will not be a second-hand article; it will be a new and genuine machine, in as perfect order, and precisely like those which you would buy of the agents.

Thousands of our readers—and especially among the ladies—ought to go to work at once, and take advantage of this splendid offer.

Certainly, nearly any one can raise a Club of twenty or thirty subscribers to THE POST and LADY'S FRIEND, when the reward is to be a Sewing Machine worth FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS!

At least, TRY IT.

The Sewing Machine Premium.

As some very suspicious persons seem still to have doubts relative to the perfect fairness of our offer of a $55 Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machine as a Premium for certain clubs,—and, wise in their own conceit, think there must be, in some shape, some "humbug" about it, we beg leave to quote the following letters from individuals who have received the machines in question. Any of these individuals doubtless would answer letters addressed to them on the subject, inclosing a pre-paid envelope, with pleasure:—

WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA, Dec. 5, 1865.

Messrs. H. Peterson & Co.:—I beg leave to acknowledge receipt of the Sewing Machine from Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson, the premium for a club of the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Lady's Friend*. The machine is perfect in every respect; it does its work completely, and fully comes up to the description in the advertisement.

Yours truly, W. P. McKELVY.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, OHIO, Dec. 12th, 1865.

Messrs. Deacon & Peterson:—Gentlemen—I am much pleased to write you that I have received my machine. It came on the evening of Thanksgiving. You may be sure I am delighted with it when the agent here, who owns a *silver mounted* machine, declares it a "perfect beauty" and the "finest finished machine in town." As there are near fifty machines in the town, I think this quite a compliment. I certainly will bless the day when I first thought of getting a club for the *Lady's Friend*.

Yours with many thanks, M. C. RYAN.

PRATTSVILLE, NEW YORK, Jan. 1, 1866.

Dear Sirs:—I received the machine last Saturday all safe. Miss M. DISBROW.

WESTFIELD, NEW YORK, Jan. 2, 1866.

Messrs. Deacon & Peterson:—Received the machine yesterday; please accept many thanks.

Yours truly, MRS. N. W. HALL.

GREENVILLE, MERCER CO., PA., Jan. 2, 1866.

Messrs. Deacon & Peterson:—Since writing you last week "the machine" has come to hand all right. It suits me very well. Please accept my thanks for it.

Yours very respectfully, ELLA KECK.

NORWICH, NEW YORK, Jan. 13, 1866.

Dear Sirs:—In obedience to your request I acknowledge the receipt of a Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machine in safety. So far as I can learn, your magazine gives general satisfaction to the subscribers. I remain yours, &c.,

THOS. H. LEWIS.

MADISON, INDIANA, Jan. 17, 1866.

Gentlemen:—The machine came to hand yesterday, and the party is much pleased with it. Please accept thanks for your prompt attention.

Yours truly, O. A. FITCH.

LANCASTER, OHIO, Jan. 17, 1866.

Messrs. Deacon & Peterson:—Gentlemen—The machine came safely to hand on the 13th ult., and I think as far as tested will answer elegantly.

Respectfully, ADA H. KAUFFMAN.

KITTANING, PA., Jan. 22, 1866.

Sirs:—After some delay the Sewing Machine reached me safely and in good order, for which accept my sincere thanks.

Truly yours, PHEBE MCMASTER.

RIDER'S MILLS, NEW YORK, Jan. 23, 1866.

Messrs. Deacon & Peterson:—Gentlemen—I have received the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine all in order. Please accept my thanks for your promptness. I need not say that the machine exceeds my expectation, and is the pride of the place. Yours very truly,

MARIA MICKLE.

ALLEGHENY CITY, PENN., Jan. 16, 1866.

Gentlemen:—I received by Adams' Express the Wheeler & Wilson's Machine awarded me as a Premium for getting up a Club. This is the FIFTH machine that I have been enabled, through your liberality, to furnish to different members of my Club, *all of which give entire satisfaction.*

ROBERT ELTON.

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST.

A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "CLARA MORELAND," "FORGED WILL," "REFUGEES," "BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

MORE BRUTALITY.

In the course of a few minutes quite a number of the besiegers had collected around the group of which Henry and Isaline formed a part. The savages at once entered into conversation with one another, and each party probably gave a brief account of what had happened to themselves since they met. Then they seemed to hold a consultation concerning future operations, and, judging from their gestures, more than once took the prisoners into consideration. At length matters seemed to be decided, and they began to separate.

Hampton, who had been watching the Indians closely, with a look of anxious impatience, now drew Blodget aside.

"What is it?" he asked.

"They want me to hail the garrison with a white flag, and say we've got a big reinforcement, and see if I can't get them to surrender. It's of no use, I suppose, for the thing's been tried already, by one of the chiefs, who could speak a little English, and he only got laughed at, and even fired at, for his pains."

"Of course it will be of no use," said Hampton, with an expression of uneasiness, "for they know well enough we cannot carry the fort by storm, and that before long we shall in turn be assailed by the reinforcements they have sent for."

"How do you know they've sent for them?"

"Because they are not natural fools, and have had time enough to dispatch messengers in every direction. I tell you, Blodget, we are standing on a volcano here, and liable to be destroyed at any minute! If these borderers catch us consorting with their savage foes, it will be a strong rope and short shrift for us. Why, in the name of Heaven, don't you use all your influence and endeavor to persuade your Indians to retire while they have a chance, and look for their revenge and plunder in some less guarded quarter?"

"Because I think your fears, Hampton, make you overrate the strength of the whites and underrate ours!" answered the other, with a quiet and provoking smile. "It's true, I don't think offering terms to the garrison will do any good; but, for all that, I've no fear that they can raise any party suddenly that can get the better of us. Let them come. We want a few scalps at least, and that in my opinion will be the quickest way to get them."

"It is a devilish infatuation that has got hold of you all, and you will soon find it out!" said Hampton. "For my part, I wish I were a hundred miles away!"

"I hope you're not afraid!" returned Blodget, with a peculiar look.

The color sprung into the face of Hampton, and he seemed on the point of making an angry and defiant rejoinder; but he apparently controlled himself, and said, rather coldly:

"Sir! whenever the time of trial comes, I trust I shall conduct myself to your satisfaction! It is not always those who boast most who prove bravest in the hour of danger!"

"Well," returned Blodget, "I've got no power to alter anything; and as the Indians have laid out my work for me, I must do it. I'll leave you and Methoto with the prisoners; and if anything *should* happen, so's you can't get off with them, why just brain and scalp them at once, and then make tracks for the Ohio and put for the Indian towns on the Scioto! Methoto 'll show you the way, and I'll tell him what to do."

"Tell him not to meddle with the girl!" said Hampton, quickly, with an angry flush; "for she is under my special charge!"

"All right, if you can get her off alive; but don't forget that her scalp will count just as much as another, and will help to make a great man of you among the Indians!"

Blodget now turned and said a few words to Methoto in the Indian tongue, and the latter grunted and nodded and glanced wickedly at Henry, who was standing quietly within reach of him, his features very pale, but nothing in his look to indicate that he understood what had been said, or that he even took any interest in what was going on around him. Isaline too was apparently even more unconscious, for she had taken advantage of the opportunity to seat herself on the ground and bury her face in her hands, and now sat there as motionless as a statue.

One of the Indians handed Blodget the stick with the white cloth affixed to it, and, waving it over his head, he at once set forward down the little knoll and through the cornfield. Some three or four savages accompanied him a short distance, and then took care to screen their persons as well as they could, evidently not feeling very sure that the sacred emblem would protect them from the bullets of their foes.

For a minute or two Hampton paced up and down in an impatient, angry mood; and then, as if he wished to find some one to vent his ill-humor upon, he turned to his hated rival and addressed him in a sneering tone.

"How do you like the present situation of things?" he said.

Henry looked at him, as if to be certain he was expected to reply to the question, and then answered, in a mild, firm tone:

"Not as well as you do probably."

"No doubt you will like matters less one of these fine days! It was much more pleasant for you to insult me on the boat, while surrounded by your bullying friends, eh?"

"I did not insult you," returned Henry, in the same quiet tone; "but having myself been insulted by you, I challenged you to put your life against mine in a fair and honorable combat."

"You lie!" cried Hampton; "no fair and honorable combat was intended! but only a murderous arrangement for the sacrifice of myself!"

"The plan was not mine," rejoined Henry, "and in the whole matter I was governed by others. So far as I was concerned, I was willing to have met you in any manner satisfactory to yourself. I acted in the affair in a way that my conscience still approves, and even spared you after you treacherously fired at me!"

"Who treacherously fired at you?" demanded Hampton, fiercely.

"You did!" replied Henry, fixing his clear blue eye steadily upon him.

"You lie!" again cried Hampton, white with rage, and accompanying the words with a brutal blow in the face of Henry, that drew blood and staggered him back to where Isaline was seated, who instantly started to her feet, with a wild scream, and threw her arms around his neck, as if she would protect him with her life.

"Good!" exclaimed Methoto, with a fiendish laugh; "him big t'ief—steal gun!"

"Come, none of this —— nonsense!" cried Hampton, striding up to Isaline and roughly seizing her by the arm. "It seems you can make your lungs do duty fast enough whenever this scoundrel is molested, though you want for words when a gentleman addresses you!"

"You are a cowardly villain!" cried Isaline, instantly facing round to Hampton with the fury of a tigress; "for none but a cowardly villain would strike a bound prisoner!"

"And you are his sweet defender, it seems!" sneered Hampton. "But, come! you must go with me, and leave him to the tender mercies of Methoto, who has an account to settle with him!"

"I will not leave him, unless taken away by force!" said Isaline, resolutely.

"Then I shall be compelled to use force," returned Hampton, again taking hold of her arm, "for go with me you *must!*"

"No!" cried Isaline; "sooner with a savage! sooner with Methoto here, who is not half the villain you are!" She jerked her arm away from him as she spoke, and, running up to Methoto, caught hold of him, saying: "Protect me from that bad man! I do not like him—I would rather go with you!"

Methoto looked at her with an air of surprise and a gleam of satisfaction.

"Squaw girl come go Methoto?" he asked.

"Yes, yes—with you, with anybody, rather than with him!"

"What —— foolery is this?" cried Hampton, springing forward and seizing her roughly, to drag her away by force.

Isaline screamed and clung to Methoto.

"Do not let me go with him!" she cried; "I will go with you!"

"Stop!" said Methoto to Hampton; "squaw girl no go you—go me!"

"She will do nothing of the kind!" rejoined Hampton, now furious with rage; "she is my prisoner, and, by ——, I'll have her, dead or alive!"

He was struggling to drag her away from the white Indian, and she clinging to the latter, when suddenly Methoto raised his fist and knocked the villain down.

Hampton jumped up, almost livid with rage, and attempted to bring his rifle to bear upon the other; but quick as lightning Methoto struck the piece with his own and sent it flying, and then with his fist again knocked Hampton down.

Some three or four of the nearest savages now appeared upon the scene, put a peremptory stop to the fight, and asked Methoto the cause of the quarrel. The latter gave such explanation as suited him; and not being able to understand or speak their language, Hampton could neither know that the statement was correct nor say a word in his own favor. In all probability Methoto made it appear that he himself was in the right and the other in the wrong, for the Indians nodded approval to him, frowned at Hampton, and informed the latter, by unmistakable signs, that he must keep quiet and let Methoto and the girl alone, or they would interfere and bind his hands.

The foiled villain, with his face all bloody and swollen, fairly gnashed his teeth in impotent rage, and muttered to himself, with a wicked oath:

"I'll bide my time, and send him to the devil before long, by ——!"

Isaline still kept her place near Methoto; but she now flushed and paled alternately, as if laboring under some intense excitement, and trembled like an aspen.

"This is all your devilish work!" foamed Hampton, with a look that almost made her blood curdle; "and the time will come when you will have to answer for it! If you will not accept my love, by ——! I'll make you feel my hate; and as I find I can reach you best through that cursed lover of yours, I'll give you both a little foretaste of the future now!"

He whirled away to seek Henry, to perform what wicked and cruel act we will not pretend to say; but the next moment he fairly howled with disappointed rage.

Henry Colburn was gone. Taking advantage of the quarrel between the two villains left to guard him, he had darted off through the wood, and by this time was far enough away to render pursuit uncertain if not useless. Only Isaline had seen him start—he had nodded an adieu to her—and this was the cause of those fearful emotions which made her frame shake and quiver and sent the blood in dizzying waves alternately to her head and heart.

"Fool!" cried Hampton, turning fiercely toward Methoto; "don't you see your prisoner is gone?"

The savages, who were slowly moving away, seemed to comprehend what had occurred; and two of them, with peculiar yells, intended perhaps to convey the information to all within hearing and put them on the watch, at once darted into the wood and disappeared; but Methoto took the matter very coolly, and made no attempt to follow.

"Why don't you go and hunt your prisoner?" cried Hampton, almost beside himself with rage at the turn matters had taken.

"Oogh!" grunted the other; "me stay white squaw; you go catch."

As no language could do justice to the almost bursting rage of the renegade, not even a volley of the most profane oaths, he turned away in silence and leaned against a tree, his black heart a perfect seething, burning hell.

Meantime the worthy bearer of the flag was approaching the station, and the firing, yelling and shouting had ceased on both sides. The whites were waiting to hear what proposition was now to be made, and the Indians were anxious to know how their offer, through one who could perfectly speak the English tongue, would be received.

There were some serious points for the besieged to consider. The day was drawing to a close, the sun being not more than half-an-hour above the horizon; their own expected reinforcements had not arrived; the strength of their enemies had probably been increased, they knew not how much; night would soon settle over the scene, and under the cover of darkness the savages might press up close, with little risk, and perhaps succeed in firing the buildings; and all these things, taken together, had a somewhat depressing effect; though we must do them the justice to add, that the thought of surrender, under any circumstances, was never for a moment entertained.

It was easily seen from the fort that Blodget was a white man, and an answering flag was waved to him from one of the loop-holes. He went forward alone, with apparent confidence, and had just reached the point where he intended to stop and deliver his message, when almost in an instant the whole aspect of affairs was changed.

A single alarm halloo in the distance was instantly repeated in twenty quarters; and then, mingling with these sounds, came the wild, fierce shouts of white men, and the sharp crack of rifles. Blodget turned and fled in dismay; and the Indians flew back into the wood, and communicated with each other by their signal yells.

A couple of savages now rushed toward Isaline, tomahawk in hand, with the apparent design of killing and scalping her. She comprehended their purpose, uttered a wild scream, and sprung behind Methoto, who instantly interfered to save her. He said something to them, speaking quickly and gruffly, and they turned and darted away.

"Come!" said the white savage to her, grasping her arm; "us run! Indian mad heap! Catch squaw—him kill—him scalp!"

He hurried her back into the wood, and Hampton followed, probably not wishing to lose sight of her.

They descended into a little hollow, pushed into a dense thicket, and stopped.

Here they heard the shouts of the whites, the yells of the Indians, and the sharp rattle of fire-arms on both sides.

Isaline felt faint. The fatigues and excitements of the day, united with the most thrilling and conflicting emotions within the last few minutes, were beginning to overpower her. And still there were hope and fear, and a vague, terrible uncertainty for her. What would be the end for her, let who would triumph? She quietly sunk down on the ground, and buried her face in her hands.

The sounds of conflict continued—some of them near and some quite distant—showing that there was either more than one assailing party, or else that the force of the whites was large enough to do battle over a long reach of ground.

As he listened, Methoto began to grow restless. He snuffed the air like a battle horse, grasped his rifle firmly, fumbled with the handle of his tomahawk, and glanced at Isaline and Hampton in a peculiar way.

"White brave go fight?" he asked.

"*No!*" emphatically answered Hampton, in a sharp, snappish tone.

"Tie squaw!" said the other, evidently meaning that Isaline could be secured in this way during their absence.

To this Hampton made no reply. With his now swollen face and nearly closed eye, to keep fresh in his recollection the manner in which his rights had been trampled on and his fair prisoner wrested from him, he was in no mood to talk pleasantly with Methoto, but rather in the vein to take his life, restrained only by prudence and policy.

For a few moments Methoto seemed to debate with himself on the propriety of leaving the girl alone with Hampton, doubtless fearing the latter might run off with her; but the exciting sounds of the conflict, with one or two triumphant yells in the vicinity, decided him, and with a regular Indian whoop he bounded away to join in the strife.

The moment he found himself alone with Isaline, Hampton seized her roughly by the shoulder, and with no gentle shake, and in a very gruff tone, said:

"Come! get up and come with me!"

Isaline suddenly lifted her white, marble face, and seeing no other person present, said quietly, but firmly:

"I will not go one step with such a villain as you, unless compelled by force!"

"By ——! Miss Holcombe," cried Hampton, fairly trembling with passion, "don't raise the devil in me any more to-day, or I shall do something wicked!"

"What?" said Isaline, with a proud look of scorn. "Strike an unarmed, defenceless woman, perhaps! Why, that would indeed be in perfect keeping with your other brutal and cowardly acts! Thank God," she added, with a triumphant flush, "Henry Colburn has escaped from your vile hands! and whatever may be my fate, I know there will be an avenger on my path!"

"Fool!" exclaimed Hampton; "don't you know he has been retaken?"

"Oh, my God!" cried Isaline, clasping her hands over her heart and feeling her brain reel. A moment's reflection, however, convinced her the statement was not true—for what could Hampton know more than herself? he not having been away from her side—and she quickly and spiritedly added: "The assertion is as false as the tongue that uttered it! He is now among his friends, and doubtless already fighting in the cause of *right*, which will certainly triumph!"

"Well, up, with you and come with me!" said the other, fiercely.

"I will not!" returned Isaline, firmly: "I will not stir from here, alone in your company, except compelled by brute force!"

"You prefer the arms of the white Indian to mine, eh?"

"Ay, or the blackest savage of them all!" rejoined Isaline, with fiery energy. "I have no language that can begin to express my utter loathing and detestation of you! of you, Charles Hampton, whom I *once* respected and esteemed! Nothing ever lived on the face of the earth that I would not prefer to you!"

"And all because, through my idolatrous worship, I forced myself in between you and your *last* lover?" he said.

"All because of your own utter baseness, in descending from the high position you occupied among refined and intellectual gentlemen, to consort with the barbarians of the wilderness, turn against your own race and color, and do the meanest acts of the meanest coward of them all!" returned Isaline, with sparkling eyes, and a radiant flush of righteous indignation. "For the savages there may be some excuse, in the barbarous manner of their bringing up; but for you there is none whatever!"

"By ——! you are a good sharp hater!" returned the black hearted villain, suddenly assuming a tone and manner of the most provoking coolness; "and you really look so beautiful in your anger, my dear girl, that I can hardly find the heart to wish you otherwise!"

Isaline was prepared for a fierce rejoinder, but not for this; there was something in it so utterly devilish, that her frank, open nature could not grasp it—could not comprehend it; and reflecting that she was alone, unprotected, and in such a villain's power, she burst into tears, and once more became the weak, trembling girl.

It was Charles Hampton's present design to get Isaline removed to some point where Methoto would not be likely to find her till the Indians should be again collected together; and then, by getting Blodget to explain the whole matter to the savages, he doubted not she would be awarded to him as his private property—or, what was about the same thing, his wife—and then he would be left to manage her to suit himself; but while he now stood looking at her, considering how best to accomplish his purpose, since she had refused to accompany him except by force, Methoto and an Indian suddenly burst into the thicket. Catching hold of Isaline, one on either side, they jerked her upon her feet, and darted away through the wood, fairly dragging her along between them. Alarmed at the probable danger behind, Hampton also fled with them, and they were soon joined by some half-a-dozen savages, all apparently flying for their lives

The truth was, the assailing party of whites outnumbered the Indians as two to one; and having just discovered this, and that they were being outflanked and surrounded, while a strong sally was being made from the fort, their leaders suddenly sounded the signal yells of retreat, and they were now flying in dismay.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE PHANTOM IN CAMP.

Of that wild flight, when she was literally dragged away by Methoto and an Indian, Isaline Holcombe could never tell anything very distinctly. That she all the time had her senses, she was not certain, for her remembrance had the indistinctness of a wild, horrible dream, with one change following another with a suddenness not real. At first she was being impelled through the forest while the sun was yet shining; and her next recollection was of being dragged along in thick darkness, with pains in her limbs and feet, bushes brushing across her face, and a feeling of faintness and weariness impossible to describe. At this time too she heard, or fancied she heard, a voice not unlike Hampton's, complaining that somebody was killing her; while she felt herself that death was not far off, and that she would gladly welcome it as the end of pain and trouble and the certainty of rest. Next it was night still, and she was reclining in some gloomy place, supported by human arms, with the shadowy outline of a log cabin looming up before her in the dim starlight, and shadowy figures flitting to and fro, and sounds like heavy blows coming dully to her senses, and then wild shrieks of distress, and horrid yells of savage men, and then the dim light and heavy smoke of a newly kindled fire, and lastly the glare and roar of angry, devouring flames, with furious demons dancing before it. After this there was the sensation of being borne swiftly away on the back of some beast, with human arms still supporting her; and this was continued, with a dull, gloomy monotony, till she seemed to fall asleep.

This was all that Isaline could ever remember of that eventful night. When she next opened her eyes, with the full consciousness of an earthly existence, she looked around upon a scene that made her very soul shudder. It was an Indian camp among the hills at the dawn of day. Her own position was under a large, spreading beech, wrapped up in a blanket, with some more for a pillow; and stretched around, on every side of her, were at least thirty savage warriors, and among them Hampton, Blodget and Methoto. There were also a large number of horses, all tethered and quietly feeding in a little valley below, through which danced the bright, sparkling waters of a mountain stream. Dangling from some limbs and bushes, here and there, were a dozen little hoops, over which were stretched skins with human hair attached; and Isaline became deathly sick, as the horrid truth flashed upon her, that these were human scalps, torn reeking from the heads of dead and dying victims, and hung up there to dry, that they might evermore be preserved as barbarous trophies. Large pieces of meat were also hung up in different places; and near the centre of the camp was a pile of plunder, consisting principally of clothing of both sexes, farming implements, and household utensils. All this seemed to prove, that, if the Indians had been defeated at Higgins' Block-house, they had managed to collect together, the majority of them at least, and take ample revenge, during their night retreat, upon lonely, isolated settlers. The night, as we have shown, had been to Isaline as a wild, horrible dream; but she knew now that what she had seen were the indistinct glimmerings of a dreadful reality, and she thanked God that she had been spared the mental anguish of seeing and knowing more.

Every one in the camp, except Isaline herself, appeared now to be asleep—as if, feeling perfectly secure, after the fatigues of the day and night, each had thrown himself down to recruit, with peaceful rest, his over-wearied frame—and she, poor girl, for a moment thought of the possibility of stealing away and making her escape. But then she knew not where she was, nor where to go; and the probabilities were so strong that some one would shortly awake and miss her, should she make the attempt, and then alarm the camp and have the whole party on her trail, that she at once abandoned the idea as hopeless of success.

Suddenly she had her whole attention arrested and fixed by something she did not comprehend. It was the cautious and noiseless movement of some object, resembling a human being, which was descending a tree just beyond the circle of sleeping warriors. It was not yet light—only the dull gray of breaking day—and at that distance she could not see distinctly enough to be certain that the object in question was not a mere animal. It might in fact be a bear, for it did not look unlike one. Isaline remained perfectly still, with her eyes fixed intently upon it. It descended to the ground, and yet remained upright like a man. Then it began to move stealthily forward, into the very circle of the sleeping warriors, toward herself. As it drew nearer, she fancied it looked more and more like a human being—but like a naked human being—all covered with short, brownish hair, face as well as body. Could it be the dread Phantom of the Forest? the fearful Unknown that had made so many brave men tremble? Isaline felt her very blood run cold and her hair rise. Nearer and still nearer it came, till only a few paces divided the mysterious object from herself, and still she remained silent and motionless, holding her breath, and glaring at it as if it were an apparition from the unseen world. At length it stopped, exactly where a large piece of meat hung swinging below the limb of a tree. The next moment the hairy hands had grasped the object of its quest and disengaged it, and the Unknown began to glide away like a shadow, but with a gradually accelerated motion. Only a few seconds more it remained in sight, and then to the strained eyes of Isaline it seemed to vanish into air.

A minute or two after the forest resounded with that peculiarly wild, prolonged, quavering shriek that had so often blanched the faces of the superstitious borderers.

Almost like one man the startled savages came bounding to their feet, grasping their muskets and tomahawks, and looking wildly and fiercely around them. Of course they saw nothing to alarm them; and then some of them seemed to think the fearful sound had been made by Isaline, and hurriedly approached her, with horrid scowls and threatening gestures. She shuddered and commended her soul to God, fearing her last moment had come. The danger was certainly imminent, and perhaps the grim King of Terrors had never drawn nearer to her than then—for a dozen angry, bloodthirsty savages were each eager to hang her gory scalp to his own girdle. The white men alone saved her. Hampton, Blodget and Methoto, each perceiving the murderous design, sprung forward together and interposed their bodies between her and the infuriated Indians. Then Blodget spoke to them in a rapid, vehement manner, and Methoto addressed them the moment he ceased. The words of both united had the desired effect, and the Indians finally turned away in silence, as if ashamed of their murderous demonstration.

"How do you find yourself this morning, Isaline?" asked Hampton, in a kindly tone, as soon as he could speak to her alone.

As we have said before, he was naturally a handsome man; but at this time his beauty was greatly marred by the rough treatment he had received from the hands of Methoto on the previous day. One eye was nearly closed, the other was bloodshot, one cheek was swollen and black and blue, and his general appearance was distressed and haggard—enough so to excite something like compassion in the breast of the fair girl he had so deeply wronged. Isaline looked at him steadily for a moment, and answered, in a low, melancholy tone:

"I am none the better for being here, Charles Hampton, and I am disposed to wish I were already numbered with the victims who have gone before me!"

"Oh, say not so, Miss Isaline!" he returned, with an appearance of considerable feeling, whether feigned or real. "You were roughly used last night, I admit; but though it was not my fault then, I shall do what I can to guard you against it in the future."

"Charles Hampton," she solemnly rejoined, "I am forced to believe I owe the worst of my misfortunes to you! I have seen and heard enough to convince me that you are one of the prime movers in these wicked doings which have robbed me of all that makes life desirable!"

"I have done wrong, I confess," he replied, with a penitential air; "but it was because of my mad passion—my wild, idolatrous love for one whom I saw and felt to be passing beyond my reach! Oh, Isaline! perhaps you may faintly comprehend me, when I tell you that Heaven for me could have no joys if you were absent, and hell itself no terrors if you were present! Pity me, Isaline Holcombe—pity me—you who should pity me—for I am suffering for my sins even now!"

"Say rather your *crimes*, Charles Hampton! for innocent blood has gone up to the Throne of Jehovah to appear in judgment against you! Pity you I may; but do not ask me to forgive! God alone can do that! Look at yonder bloody trophies, torn from the heads of pleading, shrieking victims, young and old, who never wronged you even in thought!"

"It was a horrid night's work!" returned Hampton, with a shudder; "but I had no hand in it."

"Delude not yourself with that false idea!" was the stern rejoinder of Isaline. "Your hand was in it—ay, and your *soul* was in it—when you united with and became one of the murderous band that did it!"

"Enough of this!" said Hampton, rather coldly; "one does not care to be entertained with reproaches, or words abusive of one's self! The past is past. Can I do anything for you now?"

"I do not know that you can," answered Isaline. "I feel now as if the time will not be long that I shall need human aid."

"Nay, you must cheer up and hope for the best! With the exception of being dragged through the wood, by Methoto and an Indian in their hurried flight, you have not been so badly used; and even that might have been avoided, had you gone with me at my request. And I must add this in my own favor, that, notwithstanding you treated me with so much scorn and contempt, I did all I could for you, and plead with Methoto to give you into my charge. When the Indians had collected together before the first log cabin they attacked, and Methoto rushed in to the work of slaughter, you know that I turned from the wild scene of butchery and sought only to protect you; and that when the horses were captured, I begged one for myself and placed you on it, and afterward guarded you hither, and made everything as comfortable for you as I possibly could."

"It was you then that did all this for me?" said Isaline, apparently somewhat moved by the kindness shown and the absence of cruel indifference which might have been displayed.

"Did you not know it was me?" asked Hampton.

"No, I knew little of what took place last night. I have a few horrid recollections, but they seem rather to belong to some horrid dream than a reality. I have a painful impression of seeing a cabin on fire, and hearing wild shrieks and yells and the reports of fire-arms, and then of being borne rapidly away. That is all I remember till I awoke this morning and found myself here."

"And it was you that gave that fearful shriek?"

"No! I think it was that strange Creature that followed you in the forest. I saw it come down from a tree yonder, and glide in to the camp like a spectre, and then glide off and vanish. It had the form of a human being, but seemed to be all covered with short, brownish hair."

"It must be some wild animal!" said Hampton, glancing sharply around him; "though I am told that trouble always comes to those who see and hear it!"

"Do the Indians know anything about it?" inquired Isaline.

"I will ask Blodget," answered Hampton; and he immediately turned away to seek that individual.

He was absent for several minutes; and Isaline first saw him talking with Blodget and Methoto, and then observed the Indians gradually collect around the three and seem to become much interested in what was being said.

Meantime Isaline got upon her feet, and found them and her ankles so swollen, scratched and bruised, from being dragged through the wood, over sticks, logs and stones, that it was painful for her to stand and difficult for her to walk.

When Hampton returned to her, he reported that the Indians had only heard the strange sound since crossing the Ohio; but being naturally superstitious, they had, after his story had been repeated to them, announced it as their belief that it was an Evil Spirit, which boded no good to them, and that as soon as they should arrive at home they would consult their Prophet or Great Medicine concerning it.

"It may bode evil to them and others," said Isaline, gloomily, "but I no longer fear that anything can change my condition for the worse."

"On the contrary, your seeing it may be all the better for you!" returned Hampton.

"How so?"

"The Indians say, that as you saw it approach you, without its doing you any harm, you must in some degree be under its protection, and that trouble may come upon whoever shall attempt to injure you."

"Then God bless the Unknown, whatever it is!" said the poor, forlorn captive, with deep fervor. "But tell me," she pursued, "in what part of the country we are now, and what the Indians are going to do next?"

"I cannot answer either question, Isaline," replied Hampton, "because I do not know."

"Are we far from the station we left last night?"

"Yes, a good many miles, for we did not reach here till midnight or past, though we rode a good part of the time and rode fast."

"And how many cabins were plundered and burnt on the way?"

"Three."

"And those scalps were taken last night?"

"I suppose so; for I know some of the settlers were killed, and I saw the Indians stretching their bloody trophies on hoops after we had reached this place."

"And they could find time for that? the wretches!"

"It was only the work of some two or three minutes, each warrior doing his own. By the time I had fixed you in a comfortable position and tethered my horse, the slowest one was ready for his blanket, and most of the others appeared to be asleep even then."

"And that meat I see hanging in different places?"

"At one of the farm-houses they killed an ox and a cow, and brought so much away with them. And that reminds me, my dear Isaline, that you have not tasted a morsel since yesterday morning, and must in consequence be very weak and faint!"

"I have no desire for food," sighed the other, "and do not care if I never have again."

"Just wait and see how I will tempt you!" said Hampton, as he hurried away to prepare a breakfast for her.

The savages had by this time kindled a fire, and most of them were busy in cutting off slices of meat and toasting them. In plundering the farm-houses, too, they had found a few corn cakes and small loaves of bread, and these they now equally divided among all, giving Hampton two shares, one for himself and the other for the fair prisoner. He soon returned to Isaline, with a well toasted slice of meat laid upon a piece of bread, and handed it to her, with the remark:

"Would to Heaven I had something better to offer you; but in this case, as in many others, my dear Isaline, you must take the will for the deed!"

"I do not care to eat," returned the other.

"Oh, you must, or you will faint by the way!"

"Let me die by the way then!"

"Come, come—this is folly! Cheer up! How do you know that the great future has not many bright things in store for you?"

She seemed to reflect for a moment, and then said, in a tone of deep solemnity:

"The future belongs to God, not man, it is true, and so I will eat!"

She took the food in her hand, and was in the act of carrying a portion of it to her lips, when the recollection of her last meal suddenly flashed upon her. It was of a similar kind, similarly prepared, and urged upon her by words scarcely more tenderly spoken; but, oh! by how different a being! Brave, noble, generous, self-sacrificing Henry Colburn! where was he now? and what comparative fiend of darkness now stood in his place! Her heart rose to her throat, her hands trembled, her frame shook, and she burst into tears.

"Well, well—what now? what now?" somewhat impatiently demanded Hampton.

"Do not question, but leave me for a while!" sobbed Isaline. "I shall be calmer soon, and will then eat what you have prepared for me, with thanks for all the kindness you have shown!"

There was no deceit in this. She did *thank* him for his *kindness*, even while she remembered his *cruelty* against him. The words did deceive Hampton nevertheless—or rather, perhaps, he drew from them an inference never intended and deceived himself.

"All right!" he thought, as he turned back to the fire to prepare his own morning meal; "she is coming round as well as heart can wish. I have been too harsh with her at times perhaps, and a little kindness now is doing wonders. If I can only manage to get her safely into the Indian country, the rest will be easy. Of course she will then consent to marry me, to save herself from something worse; and then I will take her to Canada, and have the ceremony legally and publicly performed. And then (rubbing his hands in pleased anticipation,) "ha! ha! and then! Thanks to my being a lawyer's clerk, I know exactly what she is going to inherit from her mother's half uncle, Sir Joshua Speed; and I would venture a heavy wager I am the only man in this ——— country who does know anything about it; for old Sir Joshua hates America as the devil does holy water—especially since the late war has terminated in Yankee Independence—and being an eccentric old bachelor, he has just willed this girl his fortune, not from any love of her or any of her family, but merely to spite his English cousins, who are looking hopefully forward to his death! Thanks, too, to the money I wormed out of that burglar before he had his trial and sentence, on pretence that my master would get him clear, I have had plenty of capital to work with—especially as I made the Virginia fools believe me to be the third son of an English lord, and so got the *entrée* of *their* best society, (Heaven save the mark!) and good keeping at little cost. Being a dead shot, with either rifle or pistol, of course they *knew* me to be a *gentleman*—of course they did. I played a bold game; but then, 'Nothing venture, nothing have!' Everything was going well, till that ———, long-haired, romantic, scouting fool of an artist crossed my path, and then matters suddenly changed for the worse. Well, now again they have changed for the better, thanks to the desperate course I have taken! and if I play my cards well, I shall win yet. I should have got that fellow Colburn out of the way without making my hate too manifest; that was bad policy; and abusing him in the presence of the girl, was still worse—for it is clear she loves him madly; but then it is not so easy to keep one's passions under on all occasions. His escape was most unfortunate, for of course he will urge a fierce pursuit; and if the Indians do not now make a hurried flight out of the country, we may get into trouble yet. That savage butchery was horrible to one not used to it! But then, after all, what of it? Everybody has to die sometime; and it being a mere question of time, a few years, more or less, can make no great difference to people who at the best have a hard struggle to live. I wonder if I am to have any more trouble from that white Indian? Should he not interfere again, the past may go; but let him beware how he again attempt to come between me and my prize!"

With these and many other dark thoughts flitting through his active brain, the scheming villain proceeded to toast his meat and eat his breakfast with a heartiness that showed his appetite had not yet become impaired by what had occurred. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1866.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

One copy, one year,	$2.50
Two copies, "	4,00
Four copies, "	8,00
Eight copies, " and one to getter up of club,	16,00
Twenty " " and one to getter up of club,	35,00
One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,	4,00

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit twenty cents in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

Remittances should be made in Post Office Orders when possible. If not, in United States notes—or Drafts, payable to our order, which are preferable to the notes.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis. Address HENRY PETERSON & CO.
No. 319 WALNUT ST., PHILAD'A.

A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We will give one of WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines—the regular price of which is FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

1. Twenty copies, one year, and Sewing Machine, $60
2. Thirty copies, one year, and Sewing Machine, $75

In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2.50 a copy, and then, by sending on these subscriptions, and Ten *dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-five dollars. While if she gets thirty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The paper will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded.

The Clubs may be composed partly of subscribers to THE POST, and partly to THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired.

☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 3 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

Our Sewing Machine Premium.

We have just received the following letter from Mrs. Annie Chapin, Antwerp, New York:

Gentlemen:—This morning I received the directions for using Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machine, for which please accept my thanks. The machine I declare a perfect gem, and as far as tested does beautifully. It also drives away the blues and all dull cares, and to all those who are afflicted thus, I heartily recommend the Sewing Machine—particularly *Wheeler & Wilson's.* Trusting you will offer the same inducements another year, I remain, respectfully,

Mrs. ANNIE CHAPIN.

Also one from E. A. Bartholomew, Jackson, Tennessee, as follows:—

Gentlemen:—We received the machine in due time, and like it very much. The subscribers are highly pleased with the Lady's Friend.

Respectfully, E. A. BARTHOLOMEW.

REMOVAL.—The distinguished banking firm of Jay Cooke & Co., have removed to their old place of business, No. 114 South Third Street. They have now greatly enlarged facilities for the purchase and sale of Government and other securities. Like the name of the great Revolutionary financier, Robert Morris, the name of Jay Cooke has become an historical one.

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST.

A SUPPLEMENT GRATIS.

The demand for the numbers of THE POST containing Mr. Bennett's story, having exhausted the edition of the first six papers of the year, we have concluded to issue a SUPPLEMENT, the size of the whole paper, in which we will give the first THIRTEEN CHAPTERS of

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST.

This is the next best thing we can do to dating back new subscriptions to the first of the year.

All new subscribers hereafter will receive the SUPPLEMENT *gratis*, and their subscriptions will be commenced with the number of February 17th, *until the Supplement also is exhausted.*

This amounts to giving away a whole paper for nothing to new subscribers, but we do not see any other good mode of supplying the back chapters of Mr. Bennett's splendid story to those who wish to procure them.

Our subscribers will do us a service by informing their friends of this offer. We are greatly obliged to those who have exerted themselves of late to extend the circulation of "THE POST."

PHILADELPHIA, FEB. 19, 1866.

TO HENRY PETERSON, ESQ.:—

As the Lecture recently delivered before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, entitled "THE QUAKER FATHERS," treats of subjects calculated to interest deeply every Pennsylvanian, and make him feel a just pride in the early history of his native State, we would request that it be repeated at some suitable time and place.

Very Respectfully,

Eli K. Price,	I. A. Godey,
Jay Cooke,	William W. Harding,
M. Simpson,	Gibson Peacock,
Thompson Westcott,	Chas. E Warburton,
S Austin Allibone,	Walter McMichael,
Dillwyn Parrish,	T. S. Arthur,
John P. Verree,	Edmund Deacon,
B. J. Leedom,	Hugh D. Vail,
Joseph Jeanes,	Fred. D. Stone,
H. N. Burroughs,	Charles H. Abbott,
John A. McAllister,	Richard Wright,
J. Gibbons Hunt, M. D.	Jacob M. Ellis,
Caleb Clothier,	Charles M. Morris.

GENTLEMEN:—

It will afford me great pleasure to repeat my Lecture on "THE QUAKER FATHERS."

I confess to feeling no small amount of admiration for the founders of Pennsylvania. They sought the shores of the New World to secure their Civil and Religious Freedom; and what they sought for themselves they were desirous that others also should enjoy.

In my opinion Pennsylvania has suffered from the want of a reasonable and natural State pride—using the term in its high and generous sense; and I have endeavored to show how far the founders of this State were in advance of the rest of the world in the Past, in the belief that the memory of such a glorious record cannot be otherwise than ennobling to the men of the Present. Very Respectfully,

HENRY PETERSON.

The Lecture will be delivered on Monday evening, March 5th, at Concert Hall, beginning precisely at quarter before eight o'clock. Tickets admitting a gentlemen and lady, price fifty cents, can be obtained at McAllister's, 728 Chestnut street; Parrish's, 800 Arch street; T. B. Pugh's, Sixth and Chestnut; U. Hunt & Sons, 62 N. Fourth street, and at the door on the evening of the Lecture.

Meeting at the Top.

A hundred years ago and more, a numerous body of Presbyterians, who had seceded from the Established Church of Scotland, was split in two on a quarrel about a clause in the oath required of the freemen of certain Scottish boroughs, which expressed "their hearty allowance of the true religion at present professed within the realm, and authorized by the laws thereof." The party who held that the oath might be conscientiously taken by seceders, were called "Burghers," and their opponents "Anti-burghers." John Morton, a keen Burgher, and Andrew Gebbie, a decided Anti-burgher, both lived in the same house, but at opposite ends, and it was the bargain that each should keep his own side of the house well thatched. When the dispute about the principal of their kirks, and especially the offensive clause in the oath, grew hot, the two neighbors ceased to speak to each other.

But one day they happened to be on the roof at the same time, each repairing the thatch in the slope of the roof on his own side, and when they had worked up there, they were—face to face. They couldn't flee, so at last Andrew took off his cap, and scratching his head, said, "Johnnie, you and me, I think, hae been very foolish to dispute, as we hae done, concerning Christ's will about our kirks, until we hae clean forgot his will about ourselves; and so we hae fought nae bitterly for what we ca' the truth, that it has ended in spite. Whatever's wrang, it's perfectly certain that it never can be right to be uncivil, unneighborly, unkind, in fac, tae hate ane anither. Na, na! that's the deevil's wark, and no God's. Noo, it strikes me that maybe its wi' the kirk as wi' this house, ye're working on one side and me on the tither, but if we only do our work weel, we will meet at the tap at last. Gie's your han', auld neighbor!" And they shook han', and were the best friends ever after.

☞ Small pox is raging throughout the South. There is hardly a county in which it is not present. Hundreds die daily. It began with the blacks but soon extended to the whites. War is generally followed by pestilence

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

Chilian Courtesies—Bidding Good-by—Cutting Acquaintances—New Recruits—A Polyglot—Auberg—A Selfish Savant.

Socially the people of Chile—no matter what their status may be—rich, well to do, dependents or beggars—both Chileans and Chileanos—take precedence of all other Spanish Americans, or the Brazilians. They are no more demonstrative than the Buenos Ayrean Spaniards, no more earnest than the Spaniards of Peru and Bolivia, not a quarter so boisterous in their welcomes and courtesies as the tropical people of Equador, New Granada and Venezuela, nothing like so fast toward intimate conclusions as the Brazilians. But there is always a quiet, frank manner among all classes of Chilians—a *savoire faire*, if you please, that carries always evidence conclusive of their honesty, making the stranger feel from the first moment of his reception that his welcome is not simply a word, or a matter of mere form. Chilean courtesy is of a kind that makes you comfortable by first flattering your egotism—no matter whether you are the proprietor of the sentiment or not—Chilean courtesy creates it, and wherever you are entertained in Chile you are given a higher opinion of your own value from the circumstance that your entertainer always manages to make you feel that he or she is the obliged party, and it is you that is conferring the obligation.

Under such conditions you must of necessity feel very much at home, quite sure of your position, and just a trifle egotistical in spite of yourself. Every man and woman of us all have a weak point somewhere in the near neighborhood of self-esteem, that properly approached may be brought out to the best possible advantage. The Chileans are skillful sappers and miners in all these approaches, and thus delicately flattered, we are almost always happier and better guests. This is all the secret there is about travellers almost invariably writing of and believing that the Chileans are a better and more hospitable people than their South American neighbors. It is not that they are either in reality, but that they have the natural faculty of making us think better of ourselves first, and per consequence, of them.

In Chile we do not get rid of a friend or an acquaintance quite so readily as in Europe or North America. Here, and in most European countries, parting with acquaintances consists, as a general rule, in shaking hands, an adieu, and if the sexes are opposite and favorable to such familiarities, an embrace, a kiss or two, and the thing is accomplished.

In Chile one does not cut his or her acquaintances so summarily. There are a good many preliminaries, ceremonious approaches, and the final parting, much like separating the muslin shield from one of Allcock's Porus Plasters—gradually, gently, and with careful consideration.

We had been but four weeks acquainted with the *caravansieros*, in whose company we had journeyed from Mendoza, and it occupied nearly half that length of time after we began to say good-by, before we fairly swung clear of the caravan company. Our friends of the Buenos Ayrean cavalcade, whom we first met in the mountains, though our acquaintanceship, including Santiago residence and all, did not amount to more than a month, required three weeks of ceremony before the final *adios—Dios vos garde!* and as for the Santiago friends, whose acquaintance we had made, we began our good-byes to them about as early as we began to receive their hospitalities, continuing regularly and incessantly every day, until our departure from the Chilean capital. O no—a Chilean acquaintance, either male or female, is not so lightly shaken off—especially the latter. Separations between married couples are of exceedingly rare occurrence in Chile. Other travellers have noticed this circumstance, and attributed the clinging of man and wife to each other through life, without ever a thought of separation, to an amiableness of disposition rarely to be met with elsewhere. My own opinion, based upon observation, is that the reason there are so very few domestic desertions and matrimonial separations in Chile, is that, following out the customs of the country, an unhappily yoked pair can outlive their unhappiness in less time than it would take to say good-by and separate. I should advise any young gentleman going to Chile to be particularly on his guard against becoming intimate in his acquaintance with a dark-eyed *Chilena* with anything doubtful in her reputation. The attachment would be like a burr to a merino fleece. He could never shake her off—never cut her acquaintance, but by cutting out of the country altogether, and that very slyly and secretly too.

At length, however, we were clear of all our acquaintances, both local and itinerant—out of Santiago, and on our way through the devious gorges and mountain passes, the general direction of our progress being about south, our destination, first La Palma, then Concepcion, Talcahuano, Valdivia, and lastly in that direction the towns of San Carlos and Castro, on the great Chilean island of Chiloe.

Before and during a portion of our sojourn in Santiago, the direction of our next march was settled, and Valparaiso was the destination quite unanimously. But Cator happened to think of Talcahuano, and the prospect of meeting some of his old "blubber hunting" shipmates—the famous long-wooled sheep and Excelsior mutton of Chiloe occurred to Cosmo. O Harra took a sudden fit to see the old, ancient, thrice destroyed city of Valdivia, and Doctor Bond as sudden a fancy to see something of the famous fierce descendants of the wild warriors who destroyed Valdivia three times; and finally all of us coming to the conclusion that in all probability we should never meet with another opportunity so favorable, we decided upon going south and seeing what was to be seen, learning what we could of South American civilization very far south, instead of going west and northwardly to Valparaiso.

When it was known in Santiago that our destination was to be the southern limits of civilization, there were many, many applications for permission to join our party, mostly by foreigners of various countries, the majority of whom had been engaged in the late revolution, and were not companions altogether to our liking. But there came five recruits that we did like, then and always thereafter, and we welcomed them as members of our vagabond troop.

There were two brothers—Scotchmen, named McLane—Arthur and Donald, handsome, educated, brave young fellows, with money to give away—Arthur, the elder, with a wife in her twenty-second year, a Glasgow girl, as beautiful as—as—well, Florence McLane was as beautiful as Edith Bond, Kate O'Harra, our glorious little Napolitan, or, as *I* thought Senora Minnie Cosmo. It would scarcely be gallant to put the beauty of Florence McLane beyond that. But she was without exception the most accomplished *equestrienne* I ever saw in saddle.

Our other two recruits were Mr. Walter White, of Buffalo, N. Y., and his magnificent little Chilena wife, Dona Zanfaire. White had been six years in the country, four married to Senora Zanfaire, one of the richest heiresses in all Chile—both were entirely at home in the saddle, and so their company, as well as that of the brothers McLane and the beautiful Florence, were acquisitions most welcome.

Towards the close of our second day's ride we came suddenly upon a human *rara avis*—such a subject as perhaps the world held no equal to. Away up the rugged, bare face of a sheer cliff of a reddish rock, hung a man, suspended by a rope around his waist, pelting and chipping and picking at the wall against which he hung, as industriously as a woodpecker.

A something boisterous "Hallos!" from Cator caused the hanging man to suspend operations, and after a hurried glance at us he called out in the *Quecha* dialect to some one above him, and directly four or five half naked savages appeared on the summit of the cliff, and lowered the queer stonecutter down to the level of the road. Disengaging himself from the rope, the man ran rapidly towards us, our entire cavalcade having halted and drawn up front face towards the wonder.

He was a tall, finely formed man, clad in a doublet, breeches and hose, all of buff and beautifully dressed Guanacco skins. Judging from his long hair and flowing beard, all white as the drifted snow, we should have marked the man's age at seventy. But his face, erect carriage and extraordinary activity gave the lie direct to such testimony. There was no wrinkle or sign of age about his handsome oval features, and the complexion was as fair, delicate and peach-like as that of the fairest northern maiden that ever lived. The deep blue eyes, with their fringe of beautiful brown lashes and delicately arched brows, were actually fascinating.

Coming directly up to and in among us, the singular man began bowing and offering us his hand, right and left and on every side, first addressing Mrs. Kate O'Harra in a brogue so rich that one would have sworn he was a native Tipperary Irishman—the next moment complimenting the beautiful Dionetta Di Scarpa in pure, liquid Italian; then Florence McLane with a perfect Glasgow accent, Senora Monteiro in Portuguese, Dona Minnie in Castilian, Madam Lavurnwei in better French than we often hear even in Paris, and each one of us, as fast as he could turn from one to another, singling out our nationalities and addressing us in our respective vernaculars, in each one faultless in accent and pronunciation. We sat stock-still—mute, staring with astonishment.

The man was an incarnate Polyglot. And what else he was, unless Old Nick himself, we had no idea. Simply human, how could he have singled each one of us out and fixed our nationality in that way without running into a single error?

"Come, ladies and gentlemen," the singular man said, after having saluted and shaken hands with every member of the party, "come, you *shall* be my guests. I do not often receive company, but I must not be denied so rich a treat as so many fair ladies and gallant gentlemen will afford me. My poor *Auberg* is but a short league hence, directly on your road—I shall have the honor of riding with and entertaining you a week, if you will tarry so long."

Without waiting for a reply, the buff wonder blew some sort of a queer whistle, and in a few moments a *peon* came trotting up on horseback, leading a most superb animal, white as the hair and beard of his strange master, who was in the saddle in a moment, and leading the cavalcade, conversing with Edith Bond, seemingly as entirely at home as if he had been with us in all our wide wanderings.

The *Auberg*, as our singular host called his home, was a sort of manifold *chalet*—a conglomeration of Swiss cottages, each having two rooms, and one story high, all joined together—first in a cross and then in a quadrangle surrounding the cross, making in all a single floored mansion of certainly not less than a hundred and forty or fifty rooms of about fourteen feet square, the whole composite structure occupying the summit of a circular knoll in the centre of one of the most magnificent mountain valleys ever seen in any country.

There were, perhaps, two hundred acres of land in the various kinds of grain and vegetables, all in the highest state of cultivation, quite a hundred peon laborers, male and female, visible, who had their neat white huts around the skirts of the cultivated area, and great numbers of cattle and sheep were feeding in hill pastures above the valley.

If our host was a wonder, the interior of his strange Auberg was a miracle. He introduced himself as we alighted as Louis Elendorf, a Swiss, and something, he said, of a *Naturalist* Something! He led us through the labyrinthian *Auberg*, and such a scene—certainly we had never expected to find anything like it in Chile. Such stores of minerals, botanical specimens, cabinets of insects and reptiles, and magnificently mounted birds and animals we had never seen or heard of.

As a linguist, a botanist, entomologist, naturalist, philosopher and savant, Louis Elendorf was the greatest wonder of all. And all this wealth of knowledge and the collection of rare specimens, this Swiss savant was literally throwing away—hiding from the world, in this far off, secluded Andean valley.

We remained two days with our wifeless, childless Swiss hermit, wondering always, regretting that such a mighty intellect should be thus thrown away—and then we departed, wondering still that man could make of himself such a fool. But perhaps Louis Elendorf was not quite a fool after all—*Quien Sabe?*

☞ A soldier, named Henry Mahorn, turned up a few days since in the court-house at Benton, Illinois, just as David Williams was being tried for his (Mahorn's) murder. It seems that Mahorn disappeared from that locality a year since, and a few weeks ago a skeleton was found, supposed to be Mahorn's. As Williams had accompanied him—they both having gone to enlist in the army—suspicion was at once fixed upon him. It now appears that Mahorn did enlist, but under an assumed name, and thus could not communicate with his friends, while Williams returned to Benton.

☞ A receipt for instantaneously removing superfluous hair. Undertake to kiss a spunky woman against her will.

A Brief Chapter on Bachelors.

Pope—himself an old bachelor, and therefore speaking from experience—affords but little comfort to the brotherhood. He says:

Let sinful bachelors their woes deplore,
Full well they merit all they feel, and more.

The etymology of this word is anything but complimentary. Junius derives it from *bakelos*, foolish; and *menage* from *vas chevalier*, a knight of the lowest order. It is supposed by some to be derived from *baccalaureus*, crowned with laurel berries. This is more dignified, certainly; but it reminds us of George Colman's words, in regard to Sir Thomas Eppringham, who returned from his wars in France crowned with laurels, and sat down in his solitary castle, all alone:

That sitting under laurels, all alone,
Is much more dignified than entertaining.

Legislators have done their utmost, since God created man, to compel this refractory class to fall into the ranks, like useful citizens, and obey the standing orders, recorded in the twenty-eighth verse of the first chapter of Genesis. The Roman censors tried old bachelors, as Satan advised the Lord to try Job—in their substance. They were fined, but to very little purpose; possibly the ordeal with boils might have been been more effectual. Dion mentions an ancient law which compelled persons of full age to marry. In the time of Agustus, the *lex Julia maritandis ordaribus* was enacted, and old bachelors were handled without mittens. They were made incapable of taking legacies, and of inheriting with certain exceptions. Thus to employ a venerable pun, matrimony became, in a somewhat novel way, a matter of money; for Plutarch says the dread of losing these golden advantages drove many to marry—probably the less evil of the twain.

With the Hebrews, marriage at twenty was a matter of obligation. They gave a literal construction to the command in Genesis. Celibacy was accounted disgraceful—a cause for reproach. Women were willing to support themselves, if they could only get married, and remove the disgrace. Thus we read in Isaiah iv, 1:

"And in that day seven women shall take hold of one man, saying, 'We will eat our own bread, and wear our own apparel; only let us be called by thy name to take away our reproach.'"

It is not stated whether these seven women were maids or widows.

Lycurgus was rather hard upon old bachelors. By his laws they were accounted infamous; rendered ineligible to any office, civil or military, and forbidden to appear at the public shows or sports, unless to be led round the market-place by the women, in derision. They were compelled to sing certain songs in ridicule of themselves.

By the canon law when males arrived at puberty, they were required either to marry or turn monks and profess chastity forever. In England, in 1696, the seventh year of William III., bachelors over twenty-five years of age, were subject to an annual tax—£12 10s. for a duke, etc. In after time they taxed upon their servants. In turning over the leaves of William Hone's table book, we stumbled on this passage:

"There is a being who can never taste the exquisite joys of home—I mean the old bachelor. He returns to his lodging—there may be everything he can possibly desire, in the shape of external comforts, provided for him by the officious zeal of his housekeeper; but the air of chilling vacancy—the very atmosphere of the apartment has a dim, uninhabited appearance—the chairs, set around with provokingly neatness, look provokingly useless and unoccupied. All is dreary and repelling. No gentle face welcomes his arrival, no loving hand meets his, no kind looks answer the listless gaze he throws around the apartment as he enters. He sits down to a book alone. There is no one sitting by his side, to enjoy with him the favorite passage, the apt remark, the just criticism."

And the—we were about to finish transcribing this interesting passage, when lifting our eyes across the street, we saw Caudle and his wife, she was leaning on one arm, and he was carrying her sick poodle on the other. Well, truly, thought we, as we shoved aside the volume and laid down our pen, there is much to be said on both sides of almost every question.

Ingenious Experiment.—Place on a sheet of white paper a piece of blue silk about four inches in diameter, in the sunshine; cover the centre of this with a piece of yellow silk about three inches in diameter; and the centre of the pink silk again cover with another circle of green silk, about one inch in diameter; then cover the centre of the green silk with a circle of indigo about half an inch in diameter, and in the centre of the whole make a black dot with a pen. Then look steadily for a minute on this central spot, and close your hands about an inch distant before them, and you will appear to see the most beautiful circle of colors that imagination can conceive, which are not colors of the silk, but will keep perpetually changing.

The Man in the Iron Mask.—Mr. C. D. Yonge, an English author, has just published "The History of France under the Bourbons, A. D. 1589–1830," in which he adopts Lord Dover's theory that the Man in the Iron Mask was Count Matthiola, Minister of the Duke of Savoy, who, after concluding with King Louis an agreement for the sale to France of the stronghold of Casal, mortally offended the French King by betraying the secret to the French Government, and was kidnapped and imprisoned by the command of Louis. The romantic version is that the unfortunate man, who died in the Bastile, was a twin-brother of Louis XIV., their mother being Anne of Austria.

☞ A Love Letter.—Below is a copy of a *love* letter sent to a lady in Manchester, N. H., from a beau in the country. The parties are both alive:—"—— ——, N. H, Sept. 5, 1844. *Dear* —— ——: I have the honor to say to you at this juncture that I can consistently reciprocate sentiments of esteem and respect, as well in view of past, as in view of prospective circumstances. With pleasure, therefore, I avail myself of the present occasion to offer to you renewed assurances of high consideration.

"——."

☞ Mr. Samuel Bowles mentions as an excellent feature of banquets at San Francisco, the serving of hot beef tea, with just a smack of claret in it, as a constant refreshment during the evening.

A Youthful Marriage.

A curious illustration, copied by permission from the papers at Vale Royal (the seat of Lord Delamere,) has been supplied to us by a friend: "When Lady Essex Cholmondeley's sister, Lady Londonderry, died, Lady Essex had under her care Lady Londonderry's only daughter, Lady Lucy Pitt. Miss Cholmondeley and her cousin were educated together with great strictness and exactness, almost amounting to severity. When the family were at Vale Royal, the young ladies were only allowed to walk up and down about a quarter of a mile for some hours, Lady Essex Cholmondeley placing herself at the window to watch them. They were to walk perfectly erect, and never to speak. Lady Essex Cholmondeley had a house in London, near the parks. One day the two girls stayed out rather late, and as they passed by Lady Lucy's uncle, he said, 'What will Lady Essex say to your being out so late?' The poor frightened girls at that moment met two Westminster boys whom they were acquainted with, the Mr. Meyricks, brothers, of Bodorgen, in the island of Anglesea, eldest heir to an immense estate and a beautiful place. The boys proposed that they should set off immediately to the Fleet, and be married, and take the maid servant, who was then walking with the young ladies, and then all sail directly over to France. They agreed to go, but Lady Lucy Pitt said she could not possibly go without a little figure of a dog, a toy that when it was pressed down the dog barked; and Miss Cholmondeley said that she must take with her a beautiful bird, which opened the door of the cage, hopped out, and sang. So childish were the girls, that they returned home solely to get these things. On their arrival at the Fleet, they did not delay a moment, but sent for a clergyman, and they all went to church—Lady Lucy Pitt, not quite fourteen years old, and Miss Cholmondeley, thirteen. The clergyman demurred about marrying Lady Lucy; she was so very little, and in a frock, and both perfect children in all respects However, they put the maid-servant's gown on Lady Lucy Pitt, and she was married to the oldest Mr. Meyrick, and Miss Cholmondeley to his brother. They were stepping into the vessel to sail away, when they were all seized by Lady Essex Cholmondeley and her party. The boys were sent abroad, and the girls carried back to London, and severely reprimanded and locked up. Poor children, they were perfectly miserable. If the clergyman had not delayed in regard to Lady Lucy, the parties would have sailed for France. This extraordinary affair was the cause of the Marriage Act, the two young married couples being of such high rank, and having immense property. Some years afterwards the marriages were solemnised properly in England, with the consent of all relations and friends.—*Frazer's Magazine.*

Curious Case.

Some years since, Mr. Andrew Fuqua, a prominent citizen of Indianapolis, died, possessed of considerable property. By his will his wife by a second marriage, came into possession of all his property, which she was to hold during her life, in case she remained a widow. At her death, if unmarried, the property would revert to her husband's relatives. If she married, however, one-half the property was to be hers, to be disposed of as she might think proper. Mrs. F., two days before her death, was induced by her brother to marry, that she might thus acquire the title in fee simple to half the property, which she could then deed to her relatives, instead of allowing her husband's heirs to inherit it. Her brother had been a captain in one of the Indiana regiments, and induced one of his men to play the *role* of husband in the death-bed marriage, in consideration of $500 paid down. The arrangement was made, the purchase money paid over, and the dying woman, unable to sit up in her bed, was married, the ceremony being performed by a minister of the city, who, it would seem, could not have been altogether ignorant of the transaction. At any rate the husband, after the ceremony, left the house, went on a spree with his $500, and never saw his wife again, who died two days after. He never slept a night beneath her roof. An action is now brought by Mr. Fuqua's relatives to contest the validity of the marriage.

A Bridal Tour.

A party, consisting of a bride, bridegroom and a gentleman friend, recently arrived in Charleston on horseback, who had made a bridal tour in this style from the borders of Lake Ontario, having commenced their journey three months ago. They travelled slowly and leisurely during the day, securing rooms at hotels or inns, or accommodations at private houses at night. By this means the travellers were spared fatigue, and the horses always appeared in a comparatively fresh condition. The trio were genteelly dressed, the lady wearing a habit of fawn color with suitable trimmings. They remained in Charleston two days, then resumed their journey in the direction of Savannah, en route to Florida and Louisiana. Arrived at the latter place, they will return homeward by passing through the Southwestern and Western States.

African Twins.

A pair of African twins on exhibition at the Exchange Hotel, Raleigh, N. C., constitute a greater natural curiosity than the celebrated Siamese twins, who have for several years attracted the attention of the curious and scientific, in this country as well as in Europe. The connection between these girls is closer than in the Siamese twins, there being more of the physical and mental organs common to each. The connection being below the neck and terminates at the extremity of the spine. To touch one at any point of her body below the connection, sends a sensation to the brain of each; while a touch of either above the connection is felt by that one only. They can talk to different persons at the same time on entirely different subjects; and one can engage in a game of whist while the other reads or sings.

Sewer Rats Killed by Electricity.—A new and curious use of electricity is now made in the Paris sewers. There, as is well known, the rats swarm by millions. Wires one hundred metres long, insulated by glass feet from the ground, and connected with a strong galvanic battery, are spread through these subterranean walks. Little pieces of roast meat are attached to these wires at short distances, and the rats, by nibbling at the bait, bring down the galvanic shock with terrific power upon their bodies. Death is instantaneous, and the more I moreover remains almost intact ready to destroy other victims.

Romance in a Senator's Life.

Frazer's Magazine tells the following story, but does not mention the name of its hero, who is said to be Senator Lane, of Kansas:—

A distinguished politician of Indiana, becoming interested in the movement for making Kansas a free State, left his wife and repaired to that territory, intending to return soon. Becoming, however, identified with the struggles of Kansas, the Senator stayed away very long. His wife at length demanded his return. He wrote back that it was impossible to return. His wife waited a little, and then wrote declaring that unless he returned by a stated time, she would sue for a divorce. The Senator made no reply, but gave a glowing account of the patriotic movement in which he bore an important part.

The next letter he received was from the clerk of a court in Indiana, informing him that his wife had filed a bill, with another from a lawyer offering to defend him. The Senator wrote back to the lawyer as follows:—

"*Dear Sir*:—Yours to hand. My wife says she will not stand my long absence. If I were she I would not stand it either. I shall offer no opposition to her suit. Yours, etc., ——."

Two years later, when the divorce had long been granted, the Senator returned to Washington as Senator of the free State of Kansas, visited his old home in Indiana, and found his wife still blooming and handsome, and surrounded by admirers. With the rest he visited her from time to time, became presently the accepted lover, and was remarried to her.

A Lucid Direction.

The late Dr. Henry Ware, when once asked by a parent to draw up a set of rules for the government of children, replied by an anecdote:

"Dr. Hitchcock," he said, "was settled in Sandwich; and, when he made his first exchange with the Plymouth minister, he must needs pass through the Plymouth woods—a nine miles' wilderness, where travellers almost always got lost, and frequently came out at the point they started from. Dr. H., on entering this much dreaded labyrinth, met an old woman, and asked her to give him some directions for getting through the woods so as to fetch up at Plymouth rather than Sandwich.

"'Certainly,' she said, 'I will tell you all about it with the greatest pleasure. You will just keep right on till you get some ways into the woods, and you will come to a place where several roads branch off. Then you must stop and consider, and take the one *that seems to you most likely* to bring you out right.'

"He did so, and came out right." Dr. Ware added, "I have followed the worthy and sensible old lady's advice in bringing up my children. I do not think anybody can do better; at any rate, I cannot." Good common sense, doubtless, is often better than all set rules; but the thing is to *have it*.

The treasury department, in settling a balance of two cents due to Erastus Foote, of Wiscasset, Mass., sent a draft to him worded and numbered as follows: "Draft 2,950 on Treasury warrant, Treasury of the United States. No. 1,964. Washington, Jan. 8, 1866. At sight, pay to Erastus Foote, collector and disbursing agent, or order, two cents. F. E Spinner, Treasurer of United States. Recorded Jan. 8, 1866 S. B. Colby, Registrar of the Treasury. Assistant Treasurer U. S., Boston, Mass." On this important document there were seven signatures, and all for two cents. The gentleman who owned the draft was offered a dollar for it, but said he would not sell it for five dollars.

Opinions.—Our opinions are formed, first, by impressions made on our senses; secondly, by confidence in the communications of others; and thirdly, by reasoning upon these impressions and communications. Although our opinions are traceable to impressions, communications, and reasonings, the opinions of the majority of men must unavoidably be formed by confidence in communications. The opinion, for instance, entertained by the generality of the Turks of the truth of the Alcoran, is formed by the constant communications made by their parents, their preceptors, and by the whole community.

☞ One year ago Miss Martha Baldwin, a graduate of Baldwin University, Ohio, was elected to fill the chair of the Professorship of the Greek and Latin languages in the Baker University, Kansas, which has been in operation seven years. It is an institution attended by both sexes, and Miss Baldwin has been the sole occupant of the chair above stated, and is said to have given entire satisfaction during the collegiate year which has closed. She is twenty-one years old.

☞ Lost Her Balance.—A fashionable young lady, in attempting recently to carry a large coil of horse and other hair on the back of her head, lost her balance, on Pennsylvania Avenue, and fell backwards, but was saved from breaking her pretty neck by the gallantry of a nice young man, who caught her in his arms.—*Washington Republican.*

☞ Queen Victoria is reported as shocked at discovering that the Prince and Princess of Wales smoked cigarettes together in a little blue satin sanctum, called their smoking room. This pernicious and reprehensible practice was taught her royal highness by her scape-grace husband; and, horrible to say, she likes it.

☞ Don Quixote.—It is said that proof has been obtained at Venice that "Don Quixote" was written as a political satire on the Duke of Lerma, and that Mr. Rawdon Brown has devised a key to the characters, by which many obscure parts of the satire are brought into new light.

☞ Milton's Dictation.—In a recent lecture delivered at Edinburgh by Professor Masson, the subject being Milton, he said: "With regard to 'Paradise Lost,' it was dictated bit by bit, a few lines a day, to any person who might call on Milton. In some pictures of Milton he was represented as dictating the poem to his daughters, who seemed rapt and reverential; but these were pure fantasies, for the fact was that his daughters were undutiful. Instead of being rapt and reverential, they pawned his boots and wished him dead, so that these pictures were imaginary."

☞ "You like plenty of nice things, don't you, Johnny? How many cakes did you have at the pastrycook's yesterday?" "Five: first a sponge cake, then a currant cake, then a pound cake, then a sweet cake, then a stomach cake!"

☞ The Empress Eugenie will be forty years old on the 5th of May next.

☞ The Boston Post says, "Spain's hot water is Chili."

WALSTEIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY FLORENCE PERCY,

AUTHOR OF "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," &c.

Dead, ere existence reached its perfect prime,
A hero martyr. In his morning years
He gathered up the riches of his life,
His stainless youth, his fair and noble hopes,
All that had been, or was, or would be dear,
All that is possible to strong young souls,
And laid them at his suffering country's feet—
Saying as fondly as a lover might,
"All even to my life, is hers I love,
And so, my country's." When her sorest need
Demanded at his hands the uttermost,
Behold, how cheerfully he yielded it—
Dying as calmly as one falls asleep
After the perils of the day are past,
And silver-sweet the evening bugle-call
Speaks peace and rest.

The world lost much, what time our hero died,
For it could ill spare a man like him;
As pure of purpose, in these soiling times,
And single-hearted as a diamond,
The core of whose transparent soul is light.
His was as tender as a woman's heart,
His nature sweet and artless as a child's,
Yet strong and helpful. In his serious eyes
There shone the record of a clean fair life,
Which had no stain to hide, no shame to weep.
He earned this sudden honor valiantly,
This quick promotion of a glorious death:—
"Killed in the advance, while leading on his men."
And would our selfish grief deny it him,
And long to call him back? No, warrior-saint,
Put on thy crown!

I do not know the spot where he was laid
After the long day's dreadful work was done;
They buried him upon the battle's brink,
His war-worn comrades—gently, reverently,
With his young laurels fresh about his brows—
And I might search there all the summer day
And never find him. But it is enough
To know his tender body is at rest,
And that the cannon will not break his sleep.
His name is safe among the shining names,
His soul is safe in the good Father's care,—
And in the hush of this wet, fragrant night,
After the dust, the struggle and the heat,
The pitying rain falls cool upon his grave,
And the veiled stars will watch there till the day—
Dear heart, sleep well!

Death, the great purifier, scarce could make
His face more pure; and yet I long to know
The added beauty which it printed there—
But that sweet sorrow will not come to me—
I can but keep his features as they were;
I know the fatal bullet dared not strike
The brow whereon his mother left her kiss;
I hope there is no blood-stain on his cheek—
I hope his lips still keep their tender smile,
And his true hand yet rests upon his sword—
That fair anemones and violets,
Taught by the grateful year that is to come,
Will find the nameless pillow where he lies,
And wrap him in the colors that he loved,
The colors in whose dear defence he died—
Red, white and blue!

LOVE IN THE TROPICS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ESSEX.

A violent thunder storm swept over a beautiful island of the tropics, just after the sun went down. When its fury was past, and the clouds rolled away, the full moon shone out in all her glory, lighting up the dense groves, the white houses, the wild rocks, and tinting the dashing waves of the ocean with silver till the scene on the shore was as fair as a vision of enchantment.

The inhabitants of this lovely island were scattered about on the broad piazzas of the low cottages, or out on the grass before their doors, enjoying the refreshing coolness of the air after the intense heat of the day. From one of the gay groups, where a young man was playing on a guitar and singing love songs, a young girl strolled away, unheeding his low, sweet voice, or the eloquent glances of his dark eyes which had been oftenest turned to her.

Mona was the most beautiful girl in the village; her large eyes, dark as night, and full of the languid fire of the tropics, lit up a face of fair outlines, with ripe, red lips, and clear olive-tinted complexion. Her form was round and full to the utmost perfection of graceful symmetry, her hands and feet were delicate and slender, her hair was magnificent in its lustrous hue, and its unrivalled length and thickness. As she wandered on her steps seemed without object, until glancing back she saw that the young singer, having finished his song, was about to follow her. Then with a quick gesture of impatience she turned into the shadow of the trees, and walking on with rapid steps, never paused till by a winding path through the grove she had reached the shore. Then, light and active as a gazelle, she sprang down from rock to rock until she reached a broad slab of granite, around which the waves of the yet heaving ocean dashed in thundering surges.

A few moments she stood in the white moonlight enjoying the flash of the spray that sparkled like diamonds in the quivering rays, and then as she looked out over the silvered waters, her attention was arrested by a black speck that was tossed about on the billows, and every instant brought nearer to the rocky shore. A moment of intensely earnest scrutiny, as with parted lips and eager eyes she gazed at the helpless atom thus made the sport of the cruel waves, and then she heard the faint sound of a man's voice—

"Help! help!"

Every doubt was set at rest by that feeble cry—

"My God! it is a drowning man, and he will be dashed to pieces on the rocks!"

In her earnestness, Mona uttered the words half aloud, and then as she sprang down the rocks close to the dangerous shore, she put both hands to her rosy mouth and shouted with her utmost strength—

"Courage! Courage!"

The swimmer seemed to hear, for she could see by the brilliant moonlight that he made an attempt to turn towards the direction whence he heard the sound, though this only added to his danger, for every moment that brought him nearer to those sharp rocks but increased the probability of his utter destruction.

But Mona's words of cheer had been no idle comfort, without a thought of her own danger, or of wasting the precious time in summoning other succor, she rapidly divested herself of her white dress of flowing muslin, and running down to the end of a rock that stood far out in the sea she sprang fearlessly into the wild waters. Accustomed from earliest childhood to swim in those surges, familiar with every current and every line of the shore, she cut her way now through the seething waves, in her light under-dress, and with her bare white arms flashing in the moonlight, graceful and beautiful as a fabled mermaid of old.

Taking advantage of the current, formed by the eddying of the waters around the point from which she sprang, she was soon beyond the foam line of the breakers, swimming bravely on to where she could still see the head of the struggling man. He was almost exhausted when she reached him, his senses were reeling, his sight failing, when he felt a strong round arm clasp him, and looking up saw that beautiful face bending over him like some fairy suddenly come down on a moonbeam to rescue him.

"There! let me guide you now," she said; "lean on me, you are faint and weak. I will show you how you may avoid those horrible rocks and reach the shore in safety."

"Oh, you have saved my life," he murmured in faint tones. "I could see no hope in that black shore. I could not struggle longer with the cold waters. I was dying."

"Hush! hush!" she answered. "Do not exhaust yourself with talking. Cling to me and I will guide you to land."

"I think I can follow if you will lead me the way. I cannot hang a helpless burden upon you."

"No, no!" she exclaimed, "you are weak and exhausted. I shall not leave you. Come, take firm hold of my waist or I will have to hold you with one hand and swim with the other."

He was indeed too weak for further remonstrance; he clasped the girdle around that slender waist, and as she swam bravely on, she felt him hang ever a heavier weight until she knew that but for her supporting strength he must have perished. The return was not accomplished very speedily, it needed all Mona's activity and power to make her way thus burdened to the shore, but she reached it at last. There was a cove beyond the high rock from which she had started in which spread a sandy beach, thither she came at length, safely past the foaming rocks, and through the dashing breakers to the land. She drew her prize out of the waters, beyond the line even of the thin curling foam, and then sank down beside him for a moment almost as exhausted as he.

Very quickly, however, Mona roused herself, and bent down to look at the rescued. He was young and very handsome, his fair complexion, his clear cut features, his fair hair and moustache all proclaimed him of another race than hers. A native of some land distant from her island home. Yet it seemed to Mona as if never before had she seen such God-like beauty, and when at last he opened his blue eyes that looked up so gratefully into hers, the young southron felt a thrill at her heart that she had never imagined before.

"Safe! You have saved my life, young lady! What can I say to you? How can I thank you for your noble kinkness?"

"Do not thank me," said Mona. "It was nothing! I know the shore, and you did not; it was a very little thing for me to guide you safely to this sandy beach."

"Without your aid I should have been dashed to pieces on the rocks. I could never have found this cove. You have saved my life. I can never cease to be grateful to you," he repeated, and then his eyes closed wearily.

"Do you feel better; are you able to walk?" asked Mona, after a moment's pause as he looked at her again. "Your wet clothes should be changed; you must need food and refreshment."

"And you too will be chilled in those thin, wet garments."

Mona blushed.

"Yes, you had better come to my home if you are able to walk."

"Oh, I am quite able," and he rose to his feet, not indeed without an effort, but still showing himself able to stand.

"Let me help you," and again Mona passed her arm around his waist.

At first he was half disposed to resist the assistance, but a few steps showed him that he was still very feeble, and he submitted to the gentle aid. Mona's heart beat wildly as she sustained that graceful form, but her step was firm—and no outward faltering showed the tumult within.

"You are wondering how I came in the water, and who I am no doubt," the stranger said, when they had walked on a little way.

"Do not tell me if it will tire you," said Mona.

"Oh, I don't think it will tire me at all. My name is Everett Conrad, that is a hard name to frame harmoniously with your soft southern language, perhaps, though you will try to learn it some day. I am staying with a party of friends on the other side of the island; this afternoon I went out sailing alone, intending only to go a little way, but the storm came on suddenly. I was blown off from the shore, and after awhile upset. I realized my danger for some time, and took off part of my clothes; still, when I was finally dashed into the sea, the garments I still retained, were an incumbrance to me, and weighed me down, so that for a long time I felt that I should never be able to reach the shore. When at last I did come near it, I saw that it was all frowning precipice, and was sure that if I escaped death by drowning, it would be only to meet the more horrible fate of being dashed to pieces on the rocks. Then you came, beautiful lady, like an angel of deliverance."

"My name is Mona," said the young Islander. "Do not overwhelm me so much with thanks."

Everett said little more, he was indeed becoming utterly exhausted, and when at last Mona guided him to her home, his remaining strength utterly gave way.

There was a great excitement among the loiterers under the moonbeams, when Mona appeared in dripping garments, and with her half drowned companion, but there were kind hearts and willing hands ready to administer to the comfort of both, and before long the young stranger was sleeping the sleep of exhaustion in a warm bed, and Mona had gone to her own couch, though not for long hours yet to slumber.

The image of the handsome face that had looked so gratefully into hers, the remembrance of the clinging grasp of his arm, the sweet tones of his voice, haunted her perpetually, and when at last sleep stole over her weary frame, it was full of dreams of the blue eyes of Everett Conrad.

The next morning found Mona entirely refreshed and recovered from her night's adventure, but Everett too weak even to leave his bed. With the simple habits of those unsophisticated islanders, Mona assisted her mother to attend upon the stranger, and even was often left alone with him, while the good dame was absent attending to other duties. For some time he seemed only half conscious of their ministrations, but at last he roused himself when Mona stood near him to beckon her feebly to him. In an instant she was by his side, bending down to catch his faint tones.

"A message must be sent to my friends to tell them I am safe. They have no doubt been very anxious about me; I wanted to send last night, but that drowsiness overcame me too soon."

"I will call my father," said Mona, "he will understand better than I what to do."

Everett made a gesture of assent, and she left the room to summon Don Pedro. To him Everett gave the directions how to find his friends. They were boarding at a little distance from the large town of the island; he was too feeble to write, but Don Pedro Raidly offered to go himself that they might be satisfied entirely of his safety. Relieved of anxiety on this point, Everett once more sank to sleep, and Mona sat by his side, fanning him as the day grew hotter, and driving away the summer insects that would have annoyed him.

Love is of quick growth in the tropics, and in those hours of quiet, when the young girl could watch unchecked, that handsome face, the sentiment that had sprung up in her heart when she first saw how fair he was, had become an absorbing passion.

Towards evening Everett was very much better. He was able to eat quite a substantial meal, and even to leave his bed for a bamboo couch that was drawn out on to the broad piazza after the sun went down. Mona still lingered by his side, though he begged her to leave him and go out to seek amusement with her friends.

"Do you wish to drive me away?" she asked at last, turning her large eyes mournfully on his. "I had rather be with you than anywhere else, then let me stay."

Everett colored a little at the earnestness of her words. "I like to have you here, Mona—I only feared it would be weary work waiting all day on an invalid."

"It is happiness to me," she answered impetuously, and then as if half frightened at her vehemence, she hurriedly changed the theme. "But you have not yet told me as you promised, all about yourself, and how you came here."

Everett smiled kindly. "If you care to know then, I will tell you my brief story. I was born on the coast of New England, that is in the United States of North America. I was accustomed from boyhood to the ocean, but not such an ocean as this of the tropics, a wild, rugged sea, and a cold dreary shore. I have sailed many a time in storms more terrible, though less violent than that of last night—but of late years I have seen little of the sea, for I have lived in New York—that is the great city of our country."

"Yes," said Mona, "I have heard of it."

"My father and mother still live in New England."

"Then they are not here with you?"

"Oh, no. I only came here because I fancied change of scene would do me good after a winter of hard work. I had acquaintances, friends—who were staying in this island, so I stopped here for a few weeks; before long I shall have gone back again to my northern home."

Mona's face grew sad as he spoke:

"You will forget me," she said, mournfully.

"Never, Mona, never! While I have life I shall never forget that I owe it to you. I only wish that I knew how I might show my gratitude."

He took the young girl's hand in his as he spoke, and it clung to him with a warm caress in its touch, but Everett dropped it in another second, and the blood faded out of Mona's cheeks, the light that for a moment had shone in her eyes died away.

Very soon the young Islanders began to gather under the moonbeams; several of them approached the cottage where the stranger sat, and among the rest came Diego, the singer of the evening before. He came up into the piazza with his guitar in his hand, and Everett saw how he hung about Mona, more than that he detected the jealous regards he fixed upon him. To amuse the crowd, who seemed under some restraint from his presence, and to secure himself from their kind words that soon wearied him, Everett begged Diego to give them some music. He readily complied, and sang some warm love songs, turning his black eyes with undisguised passion upon Mona at every tender passage.

After awhile Everett began to feel very tired.

"Mona," he whispered at a pause in the music, "I must go to bed; I begin to feel exhausted."

She started up impulsively.

"I will help you," she said.

"No, no, call a servant, you must stay with your friends."

"I can return to them, but your comfort is dearer to me than their amusement," she whispered in a low, passionate tone that startled him with its thrill.

She would doubtless have left them all and gone with him, but at this moment her mother appeared at the door, and to her Everett appealed. She called a servant to help her care for him, and Mona saw him go, looking after him as if all her soul went with him.

The next morning when she was again alone with Everett, he said to her:

"Mona, is Diego your lover?"

"My lover!" she exclaimed, indignantly. "No indeed! I detest him!"

"But he is very much in love with you."

"Perhaps so," with a gesture of infinite contempt. "But he knows I do not like him."

"I am sorry," said Everett, frankly.

"Why, Everado?" for thus Mona had softened his name.

"Because he seems a nice fellow, and I should like to give you such a lovely wedding present."

"You would like to see me married!" and Mona's bosom heaved with unconquerable emotion.

"My dear Mona, I would like to see you happy."

"Happy! I am happier with you now, than as any other man's wife!"

Everett smiled, but a little sadly, and closed his eyes as if to sleep.

In the cool of that evening Don Pedro returned. Everett was on the piazza again; and as the kind man rode up, he looked up with an eager gaze. Mona, as usual, was by his side, and she watched him now with jealous earnestness.

"Ah, Don Everado," said Don Pedro, smiling, "your friends were very, very glad to hear of your safety; they had hired a boat and sent it out to search for you, but they were almost in despair when I came."

"And have you no message for me?" asked Everett, eagerly.

"Yes, I had a note, a precious little note, no doubt." And Don Pedro came up the piazza and handed Everett a rose-tinted billet.

Mona saw his eyes sparkle as he tore it open, and she watched him with the intense gaze of jealous passion. He read the little note twice, and when he looked up again, his face was bright with happiness.

"They are very glad to hear that I am safe," he said. "By to-morrow or the day after, I hope to show them in person that I am unhurt."

But the next morning Everett was not so well, he had some fever and was restless and wretched. All day long Mona sat beside him watching him, nursing him with an untiring devotion that touched him to the heart. In vain he tried to induce her to leave him to the care of servants; she met every offer of release from her post with earnest protestations that it was a pleasure to her to be there.

"Why will you drive me away?" she said at last. "All the happiness I have is to be with you; let me, then, watch you while I can. You will soon be gone, and I—I shall be wretched."

"Oh, no! Mona!" he exclaimed, pained by her impetuosity. "You are kind to the man whose life you have saved, but you will forget me sooner than I shall forget you."

"Forget you!" she cried. "Never, never! I— Oh, Everado, I shall love you always." But she murmured the last words very low, and the young man did not seem to hear her.

The next day he was much better, and began to talk in all seriousness of leaving his kind friends. Mona's mother and father said all they could to induce him to remain longer, but it was arranged at last that he should leave them the next morning. Mona knew then that the hour of separation was approaching, and she hung about Everett with a devotion more untiring than ever. She watched every motion; she treasured every word; and he was kind, grateful, gentle, but never more—there was no response in his blue eyes to the passion that burned in hers.

At evening he sat alone with Mona on the piazza—the sun had set, but there was still a broad band of yellow light on the horizon, and the waves of the ocean were all tinted with tawny gold. They were both silent. Everett was enjoying the tropic beauty of the scene, the rich masses of foliage, the gorgeous flowers that bloomed near the cottage, the lustrous radiance of sea and sky! Mona was watching him as an idolater might watch his god, worshipping the faultless beauty of his features, the perfect tinting of his complexion.

On a sudden the sound of wheels disturbed the eloquent silence; and in another moment a light wagon stopped before the door. It was driven by a gentleman, a foreigner like Everett; by his side was a servant, and on the back seat a young lady. At sight of her Everett started up with a glad cry. Mona saw her spring down without waiting for assistance; and, how, regardless of the presence of others, they were for a moment clasped in each other's arms.

Sick and pale with her utter misery, she staggered back into the shadow, and there stood watching those two as some lost spirit might watch happy souls in Paradise. The young lady was fair-haired and blue-eyed like Everett, her blonde curls floated away from a face that was exquisitely lovely in its fragile fairness; her dress was of delicate material, and of a style and color that Mona had never before seen. Altogether, she seemed in her eyes beautiful as some fairy inhabitant of another region.

After a moment the lovers recovered themselves, and the gentleman came up to shake Everett cordially by the hand. They all spoke a few words together with radiant happy faces, in their own language, which was all unknown to Mona, and then Everett, with kind courtesy, turned to her.

"This is my preserver," he said to his companions. "Mona, these are Mr. Livingstone and Miss Violet Livingstone. Ah! you will find their names as hard as mine to learn; but they are dear, dear friends of mine. And for that you must try to remember them."

Mona came forward, pale and with despairing eyes; but the young lady was too much absorbed in her lover, to notice anything more than that Mona was very handsome and seemed half frightened; she said a few words in the language she understood but imperfectly, and then Don Pedro and his wife appeared, and were warmly greeted by Everett's friends.

After a few moments Violet spoke aside to her lover—he heard her with a bright look of assent, and then turned again to the kind islanders.

"Mr. Livingstone and Miss Violet have arranged to have me return with them—and it will be much better to go now, than to wait until to-morrow morning. I am sorry to leave you, after all your kindness, but it is better you should be rid of so troublesome a guest."

Don Pedro acquiesced with some friendly regret, in this arrangement. And Everett went into the house to make his simple arrangements for departure. He had been indebted to Don Pedro for part of the comfortable garments that had supplied the place of his own, but he had made some few purchases which he now wished to collect. His room was quite dark, but he gathered together the few articles and was turning to leave it, when his hand was seized by a warm hand that trembled in its eagerness.

"You are going away, Everado—I shall never see you again."

"Yes, Mona," he said gently, "I am going away, but you will hear from me if you do not see me."

"And you love her?" she asked, bitterly.

"Yes, Mona, she is to be my wife; it was for her sake I came to this island. She was sent here for her health. Thank God! she is almost well now."

But the girl had dropped on the floor beside him with a low groan. Inexpressibly shocked, he stooped down to raise her.

"Mona, my dear child, what is the matter?"

"I loved you," she moaned; "and now my heart is broken!"

"Oh, no, no!" he cried, "do not say that; you will soon forget me and be happy with some dark-eyed lover."

"No, I never shall be happy again! But, there! go to your beautiful bride and leave me. I am but a poor half savage compared to her, but I shall love you forever and forever!"

"Oh, Mona, I do not like to leave you thus!"

"Yes, go, go!" she exclaimed, passionately. "Go! you will be happy; and I must try to be content."

He rose to his feet, still half reluctant to leave her. "I will write to you," he said. "You shall know that I am not ungrateful. Good bye, Mona. Good bye!"

He tried to take her hand, but she clasped it in both hers, and pressed it again and again to her lips.

Saddened and shocked at her violent passion and grief, Everett went out to his friends; his farewells to the good Don Pedro and his wife were very cordial and full of gratitude on his part, and then Mona, looking out from her window, saw him drive away, seated beside that beautiful girl, his face so radiantly happy that it was evident he had little regret for her.

In truth, although Everett was deeply pained by Mona's strange declaration, he never imagined that the feeling she professed could be more than the passing fancy of a romantic girl. It was impossible, he argued, that she could really love a young man whom she had only known some five days; such a caprice must fade away very speedily, and some new passion obliterate him from her memory.

But it was not so. From the time of his departure, Mona's life seemed all dreary; there was nothing to interest her, there was nothing for which she cared since that blue-eyed stranger had stolen her heart and gone away. She drooped like some stricken flower; in vain her kind parents sought to rouse her interest, or bring back her lost brightness and bloom. She wandered about like the pale shadow of her former self, avoiding all company, spending long hours alone on the rocks from which she had first seen Everett, looking with melancholy eyes over the sea from whence she had rescued him, and which now stretched a waste of waters between them.

A few weeks after he left her house, Mona received a note from him, together with some pretty trifles, telling her that he was going back to his home. It was many months before she heard from him again; then a great box arrived, addressed to Don Pedro. It contained splendid presents for all the family, silks and muslins for the old lady, that made her wild with delight; choice wines for Don Pedro, the like of which had never before been seen on the island; and for Mona some lovely dresses, made up, too, in the latest New York styles; a beautiful set of jewelry, and what was more precious to her than everything else, a cross of Everett's hair, on the gold plate of which was inscribed, "For my preserver," with the date of the night when she had rescued him. But in the midst of the pleasure these remembrances might have given her, came the poisoned drop that destroyed all her delight; the kind letter that accompanied the gifts announced he was married.

From that time Mona's gloom seemed to deepen. She suffered from all the torturing jealousy which a warm-hearted southron can feel, and when she sat alone listening to the eternal roll of the ocean, and pictured him happy with that beautiful bride, it would sometimes seem as if she had better at once plunge into the waves and seek oblivion in death. Her companions wondered at the change in her, but hardly guessed at the cause. Her lovers finding her cold to all their offers, finally consoled themselves with other wives. Even Diego, having in vain sought to move her by his patient devotion, turned at last to a less reserved maiden, and made himself a home.

Two years had thus passed away, when one evening, as Mona sat listlessly on the piazza, a shadow came between her and the sunset, and looking up, Everett again stood before her. With a wild cry she could not repress, she started up and staggered forward. He met her with outstretched hands, kindly appearing not to notice the violence of her emotion. He looked older and thinner than before, and there was a shade of anxiety on his handsome face.

"Mona, I am very glad to see you again, but how are you? Are you married yet?"

"Married! No," she said, mournfully. "Everado, I do not forget; I shall never be married." He looked pained, and she said, in an altered tone: "But you need not fear that I will say what you do not like to hear. Tell me of yourself, and what brought you here."

"I came for my wife's health. You remember Violet, she has been ill again, and I hoped that the air of this island, that once restored her, might again enable her to recover. I left her at the town, and came here thinking I might perhaps find lodgings with you or some of your friends."

"Oh, stay here!" cried Mona. "I will be so happy if you will only stay here."

"We shall, perhaps, be troublesome guests, Mona. I have a little baby and two servants to be cared for."

"You have a child," said Mona, with a strange gleam in her eyes. "Ah! I shall love it for your sake. Yes! come here, and I will be so glad to serve you and yours."

"Are you sure you would like it?" he asked, hesitatingly.

"Yes, Everado, and if you fear that I shall do and say what you would not like, do not think it. No one shall ever know from me, and you shall never hear again how well I have loved you."

After some consultation with Don Pedro and his wife, it was at length arranged that Everett was to bring his family there the next day. And now at last it seemed as if Mona had an interest in life. She exerted herself to have all things prepared for the reception of the guests as she had not exerted herself for two years.

When they arrived Violet did, indeed, look very frail, though exquisitely lovely, and the baby was such a tiny morsel of fair beauty as had never been seen on the island before. Mona hung over the little creature, with its blue eyes and pale flaxen hair, and seemed really happy when it smiled up into her face.

The balmy air worked as a charm in restoring Violet to health; in a few weeks the color began to come back into her face; her cough grew less, and Everett lost his look of anxiety as his fair wife grew better and stronger. As for Mona, if she suffered when she saw those two so entirely devoted to each other, she found a balm for every pain in her fondness for the little child and his responsive affection for her. It was she who first taught him to walk the few tottering steps of babyhood, and it seemed ere long as if he gave his sunniest smile and his warmest kiss to her.

But after a while the summer of the tropics approached; already several violent thunder

storms indicated the electrical changes of the air, overcharged with heat, and Everett, in view of his wife's improved health, talked of a return to his northern home, that would soon be smiling in the warmth of summer. When he first spoke to Mona of his departure, she seemed as if utterly overwhelmed with this new misfortune.

"You will go away! You will take from me the little child I love so well."

"Mona, what can I do?" he asked. "We must not stay here longer; it will soon become dangerous for us."

"Oh, Everado," she said, "you will kill me! When you first came I loved you, and you have almost broke my heart. Now I love your son, and you will take him away!"

"Poor child!" he said, kindly. "You saved my life, and I seem destined only to pain you."

"Yes, if the little boy goes away I will die!" she said, passionately. "I will not try to live if I have no one to love."

Everett was deeply pained at her evident suffering, and resolved to consult with Violet if some means might be arranged by which she could go with them when they returned to their home. But that night fate set at rest all anxiety for Mona.

The day had been intensely hot, and a little before sunset great black clouds rolled up. They seemed but the precursor of a thunder storm, and none of the inhabitants imagined that they were in any danger, till the hurricane in all its fury was upon them. It came with a rush and a howl, and in an instant all the sky was dark, and the wild wind was working his will on sea and on shore. Great trees snapped at their roots, fences were prostrated, houses were unroofed and even overthrown, the animals screamed and fell to the ground in terror, and the dead bodies of birds were flung on the earth, as if demons had been busy in the tree tops. The air was full of falling bodies, leaves and branches of trees, splintered boards, and ever and anon some giant palm swayed to the ground before the resistless blast, and perchance fell utterly prostrated by its power.

The family at Don Pedro's were on the piazza when the storm swept over them; they started up for a hurried flight in to the house, but at that instant the little child, attracted by the waving of the flowers, and the tossing leaves that were falling fast, ran out with a merry laugh into the raging storm.

"My baby! oh, my baby!"

Violet's voice rang out shrill in its agony above the roar of the tempest. Mona, who had been in the door-way helping Everett to close it, heard that cry, and sprang past the paralyzed mother.

"I will save it!" she said.

"My child, my child, you will be killed!"

It was her good mother who called after her, but Mona never heeded the warning; with set teeth and flashing eyes she rushed out into the scene of death and destruction. The little boy had soon become frightened; the wind had driven him on away from the house and thrown him on the ground where he lay weeping bitterly. As a panther might spring to the rescue of her little one, Mona darted to the spot where he lay, the mad blast tore at her, whirled her garments about and scattered her long hair over long shoulders, but still she reached the baby and clasped him in her arms. Violet stood on the piazza watching her with life and death in her eyes. Mona turned back towards the house, but the tempest had increased in fury, the way was already strewn with branches, and she staggered on unsteadily. There was a great tree, beneath which she must pass; she heard it crack, and hurried her encumbered steps. She was under it when Everett appeared on the piazza.

"My God, Mona!" he cried. "Violet, go in, I will help her."

But it was too late, the strong trunk gave way, and just as Everett sprang down it fell, and Mona disappeared under its ruin. Everett groaned aloud as he bent to lift the heavy branches; there was a faint stir; the baby laughed up in his eyes unhurt, and he saw Mona's face ghastly pale, but with a divine smile on her lips.

"It is better thus," she murmured. "I die happy, for he is saved. God bless you, Everado, think sometimes of poor Mona."

Violet's cries had brought out Don Pedro, he rushed to Everett's help, and some of the servants appearing the tree was raised from the prostrate girl. But it was too late, she was dead, the heart that had given so much unrequited love had ceased to beat.

Everett and Violet returned with their little child to their northern home, but often at their comfortable fireside they speak of the beautiful island of the tropics, and the devotion of poor Mona.

WE MEET AGAIN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARIE S. L.

Here we can listen, still and alone,
To the wandering wind's low sighing note,
And this rippling river's gentle tone,
And the moaning sound in the night bird's throat.

And we will linger, if need be, here
'Till the pale moon mounts her cloudy throne,
'Till the night has dropped her latest tear,
And the dove has given her last, low moan.

We have much to say ere we part to-night,
The tale of our life for ten long years,
Of our wasted youth and our heart's long blight,
Of the outward smile, and the inward tears.

But we cannot mark how the face has changed,
Nor the wasted form in this happy shade,
Yet as spirit to spirit we're not estranged,
And can speak of the idols our hearts have made.

Happy were we if the stars yet shone
That lit our sky in days that are gone,
Though our way were wild and we wandered alone,
And the night came on when the morn should dawn.

In another world we yet may learn
Why we follow phantoms we never reach,
Why so little of good is bought from the stern
And tiresome lessons our long lives teach.

Ah, we have much to say ere we part,
My early friend of years by gone,
I will give you the love of an aching heart,
While you tell your tale as the stars roll on.

RESTLESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

What is it that I miss these long drear nights,
When the bleak winds against my casement blow?
And o'er the grim gaunt outline of the heights
Comes down the ghostly mistiness of snow?
I do not dread the wind; I'm sheltered warm—
Before me roars the fire, the lamp burns clear—
What is there in this brutal wintry storm
To mind me of that sweet, long vanished year?
When life was young, and all the weary world was dear!

Backward in thought I go; the window shrieks,
And down the chimney roars the frenzied blast;—
I hold my breath—is it a dead voice speaks
From out the sacred silence of the Past?
The gate swings back and forth—I hear it grate,
Its iron hinges hoarse with age and rust,
How often there I've paused to watch and wait
The sound of feet that lie within the dust—
So long ago, when I took joy and hope on trust.

The mad winds bellow, like the ocean waves,
Through the great elm trees just across the street—
Why does the sound bring to me thoughts of graves
On barren moorlands where the cold storms beat?
I lift the curtains and gaze through the gloom—
A grim, gray waste of country—nothing more!
My soul is prisoned in this mortal tomb—
It chafes and frets like waves on a lee shore!—
Why is it that our yearnings reach for what comes nevermore?

The Inundation.

A few years ago I chanced to be visiting a friend in Devonshire, when, finding ourselves one evening at a loss for amusement, we resolved that one of the party should relate a story.

We had assembled in the morning for the purpose of making an excursion to Haytor Rock, one of the highest points in Devonshire, from the top of which there is a magnificent view of the surrounding country, but were prevented carrying our intention into effect by that great bar to out-door pleasure in England—an incessant drenching rain.

For the whole day we had wandered from room to room, sometimes finding a book or a picture to occupy our attention for a short time, but as evening came on we were quite at a loss to know what to do with ourselves; some of the party were inclined for music, others preferred sitting at the window to watch the rain clouds disperse and show here and there glimpses of a brighter sky, when one of the company suddenly thought of whiling away the time by story-telling. Every one was delighted with the suggestion, but no one seemed inclined to take the initiative, and we were finally obliged to have recourse to a *lottery*. No. 1 was drawn by an old gentleman, a farmer living in the neighborhood, who had passed the earlier part of his life in the colonies. Since his return he had never mentioned anything in connection with his sojourn at the Antipodes, and as the years he had subsequently passed in his native village were wholly without incident wherewith to form a tale, we all felt extremely anxious to hear the old farmer commence, especially as we insisted that each person's story should be a true one, that the incidents therein should either have happened to the relator, or have come personally under his or her observation.

After looking thoughtfully at the fire some few minutes, the old man began:

"About thirty years ago a young man sailed from the port of Liverpool, to seek his fortune in Australia. The love of adventure had seized upon him, and he could not rest contented in his native village.

"His father was not rich, but had found the means to give his son a fair education; when the lad left school he returned to his father's roof, but he soon tired of the busy idleness of superintending the men who worked on the farm. His great delight, on returning home after a day's shooting or fishing, was to sit down and read a book that related to the new colony; the accounts of wonderful adventures so delighted him, that he resolved to emigrate; but he was a long time before he found courage to acquaint his parents of his intention; they used all their influence to induce him to remain in England, to stay on the old farm that had been held by their family for more than a century, but all to no avail; so finding remonstrance and persuasion useless, they did all in their power to make his voyage as comfortable as possible; they provided an outfit and many little things that might prove useful to him in the bush. They gave the boy all the ready money they possessed, amounting to some hundreds of pounds, and, with a light heart and a well-filled pocket, the youth left his father's house.

"His parents' grief was great indeed at parting with their only child; they knew the years of separation that would pass slowly, lingeringly on, even should time restore their boy to their arms; but the lad thought not of time or distance. Full of youth, strength, and hope, he only saw himself as he left his native village, full of life and spirit, and, as he hoped, to return to it the hero of a hundred adventures, all happily ended; he never thought of death except when he imagined himself back in his old home, surrounded by his children, and giving up his last breath in peace, and being laid in the same grave with his forefathers. Youth is thus ever hopeful; it courts danger for the mere love of overcoming it.

"When he left his native village, and the villagers came to their doors to wish him good luck and give him a parting shake of the hand, a few natural tears started to his eyes, but he brushed them away, ashamed of the weakness, as he then thought it, and tried, by incessantly talking to Old Bob—the man who was driving, and who had worked for twenty years on his father's land—to hide the strong emotion that was nearly choking him.

"On reaching Exeter he slipped half a guinea into Old Bob's hand, and giving it a hearty shake, ran into the inn to avoid all thanks and all regrets which he knew honest Old Bob would shower upon him.

"At the inn yet another trial awaited him; the landlady could talk of nothing else but Master Tom's going to foreign parts; *he* to go—the baby she had nursed the first time he was brought to Exeter by his father and mother; how every market day she had seen him grow bigger and bigger, and how she had helped him up to the seat next the driver of the coach the first time he had left home alone; and now he was going away forever so many years to some outlandish place, just at a time, too, when he ought to be making his parents glad with the sight of his handsome face every day, and be settling down in the old place for good, and looking about him for a wife. She had no patience with the nonsense of going away across the sea to no one knows where.

"But for all this the tears would come to her eyes when she bid him good-by.

"On arriving at Liverpool the first thing Tom did was to write to his parents, the next to go over the ship in which he intended taking his passage for Australia.

"The carpenters were busy on board, and very little notice was taken of him as he wandered about the vessel. He learnt that there was accommodation for a few cabin passengers, but that all the berths except one had been engaged by a doctor who was emigrating with his family.

"Tom would have gone in the steerage, but as his parents expressly desired him to take a cabin passage, he hastened to the company's offices and engaged the only remaining berth. The ship was to sail on the following day, and at twelve o'clock she was tugged to the mouth of the river where she remained until the following morning's ebb-tide and a fair wind took her out to sea.

"For a few days but little was seen of the passengers; but as the sea-sickness abated they appeared one by one. Tom soon made friends with his fellow cabin passengers; he began by taking notice of the little children, and won his way through them to their parents.

"The family consisted of five children, the eldest a girl of about sixteen, and four others, boys and girls.

"Tom soon made himself a favorite with all of them, but more particularly with Mary, the eldest. Young as they were—she only sixteen, he but twenty—their attachment soon grew into love. In Mary, Tom saw all he had ever dreamed of as lovely in woman; her gentle care of her young brothers and sisters, her respectful love for her parents, and her delight at being able to help them in any way during the long, tedious voyage, all tended to render her more beautiful in Tom's eyes. Her sweet face and girlish figure were the least of her charms.

"How many, many happy hours were spent on that voyage when, seated together on the deck, the young lovers talked of the past and *the future*.

"The life to which they were going was full of unknown charms to them.

"Mary's education had been that of a gentleman's daughter, yet she never shrunk from the work that was before her.

"Her father had decided upon emigration to try and find independence for himself and family. The son of a country surgeon, he had for years seen his father's struggles to keep up appearances in spite of what might almost be called poverty, and finding himself surrounded by a large family, and his practice not increasing, he determined to emigrate.

"A couple of thousand pounds which he possessed would enable him to embark in sheep farming in the new colony, and he hoped by industry and perseverance to amass a sum of money that would enable him after a few years to return home independent. The days flew quickly by in forming plans for the future. No words of love were breathed between the happy boy and girl, for they were little more, yet they felt they were all in all to each other, and that was sufficient; their love never made them selfish, and many blessings were showered on the young girl's head by the poorer emigrants in the steerage for denying herself those things which were luxuries on board ship but necessaries even to the poor on shore; she had stopped many a baby's fretful cry and eased the aching heart of its poor mother.

"The long voyage was at last over. They met with many difficulties, and suffered numberless privations; but they were determined to look only on the bright side.

"Tom purchased the nearest sheep-run to the doctor's, which was situated three miles up a river, on the opposite side; he worked hard, for now he was affianced to Mary, and when he was twenty-five years of age it was arranged that they should be married.

"Few weeks passed during the years they had to wait, but Sunday morning found Tom joining his devotions with those of the doctor's family; no work but what was absolutely necessary was done on this day. The doctor and his wife had well-cultivated minds, and did not allow their children to grow up in ignorance; though they d'd the work of shepherds and laborers during the week, they never neglected anything that could tend to elevate their minds, and the stores of knowledge possessed by father and mother were freely imparted to their children.

"When Blanche, the next eldest to Mary, was of an age to take her sister's place in the household, Tom and Mary were married.

"Twelve months of unalloyed happiness was theirs, when the birth of a baby boy served to make their cup of joy overflow. Mary was just able to sit up, her mother, who had been with her during her illness, had returned home, leaving her daughter and infant in the care of a nurse.

"Tom was obliged to go to a distant part of the farm to inspect his flocks, and would not be able to get back until the following day. He left home cheerful and happy, intending to give his wife a delightful surprise on his return, by bringing one of her sisters back to stay with her for a few weeks.

"As Tom journeyed on, higher up toward the sources of the river, he found it much swollen by the very heavy rains that had fallen lately; but it gave him no uneasiness; he only thought of the happiness of again embracing his wife and little one.

"It was very late at night when Tom reached his father-in-law's house, and, greatly fatigued, he lay down to rest until daylight.

"He remarked as he went along that the river had risen much higher than he had ever seen it before, but he never for one moment dreamt of danger.

"Tom rose just at daylight, and was making his preparations for returning home when he noticed with dismay that the river had burst its bounds, and was carrying all before it; great trees were being carried along like straws, such was the force of the water.

"The family had all assembled at the front of the doctor's house, and, like Tom, were gazing with horror on the torrent as it swept by, when an awful scream from one of them caused all to look in one direction. 'Look, look!' they cried, and in another moment, Tom saw the fragments of his own cottage borne past. He thought he heard the agonized shrieks of his wife as she called to him in her helplessness, and in a moment of madness the husband leaped into the surging water.

"Tom knew nothing more, until one day he found himself lying in the old room at his wife's father's. He seemed as though waking from a hideous dream, but as he looked around and recognised the room, all the awful horror of that morning when he fell senseless into the river burst upon him, and he prayed for death or unconsciousness again. * * * *

In a few weeks he was on board ship returning to England. He found his father and mother still living: they died peacefully in his arms.

"Tom left his native village a lighthearted boy, he returned to it a weary old man. But few years had passed, but they seemed to him a whole lifetime. He lived on, hoping that each day would re-unite him in heaven to those he had so loved on earth." * * * *

As the old gentleman finished his story he rose and left the room, his face buried in his hands.

A long silence followed, for we all felt that the old farmer had told us the story of his own life. Many of the matrons of the village had often pressed him to marry, and joked him on his insensibility to the charms of the numerous maidens around, but from this evening, all allusions of this sort ceased, for everyone felt his grief too sacred to be rudely intruded upon.

T. S. JERROLD.

Christmas in Rome.

It was a glorious and cloudless morning—sunbeams streamed in columns from the southern windows, falling on the vast space full of soldiers and a mingled mass of every kind of people. Up the naves stood double files of the Pontifical Guard. Monks and nuns mixed with the Swiss cuirassiers and halberds. Contadini crowded round the sacred images, and especially round the toe of St. Peter. I saw many mothers lift their swaddled babies up to kiss it. Valets of cardinals, with the invariable red umbrellas, hung about side chapels and sacristies. Purple-mantled monsignori, like emperor butterflies, floated down the aisles from sunlight into shadow. Movement, color, and the stir of expectation, made the church alive. We showed our raiment to the guard, were admitted within their ranks, and solemnly walked up towards the dome. There under its broad canopy stood the altar, glittering with gold and candles. The choir was carpeted and hung with scarlet. Two magnificent thrones rose ready for the Pope; guards of honor, soldiers, attachés, and the *élite* of the residents and visitors in Rome were scattered picturesquely, varied by ecclesiastics of all orders and degrees. At ten a stirring took place near the great west door. It opened, and we saw the procession of the Pope and his cardinals. Before him marched the singers and blowers of the silver trumpets, making the most liquid melody. Then came his cap of maintenance, and three tiaras; then a company of mitred bishops; next the cardinals in scarlet; and last aloft beneath a canopy, upon the shoulders of men, and flanked by the mystic fans, advanced the Pope himself, swaying to and fro like a Llama, or an Azteo-king. Still the trumpets blew most silverly, and still the people knelt; and as he came we knelt and had his blessing. Then he took his state and received homage. After this the choir began to sing a mass of Palestrina's, and the deacons robed the Pope. Marvellous putting on and taking off the robes and tiaras and mitres ensued, during which there was much bowing and praying and burning of incense. At last, when he had reached the highest stage of sacrificial sanctity, he proceeded to the altar, waited on by cardinals and bishops. Having censed it carefully, he took a higher throne and divested himself of part of his robes. Then the mass went on in earnest till the moment of consecration, when it paused, the Pope descended from his throne, passed down the choir, and reached the altar. Every one knelt; the shrill bell tinkled; the silver trumpets blew; the air became sick and heavy with incense, so that the sun and candle-light swooned in an atmosphere of odorous cloud-wreaths. The whole church trembled, hearing the strange subtle music vibrate in the dome, and seeing the Pope with his own hands lift Christ's body from the altar and present it to the people. An old parish priest pilgrim from some valley of the Appenines, who knelt beside me, cried and quivered with excess of adoration. The great tombs around, the sculptured saints and angels, the dome, the volumes of light and incense and unfamiliar melody, the hierarchy ministrant, the white and central figure of the Pope, the multitude—make up an overpowering effect.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

TENDER AND TRUE.

BY HELEN CLEMENTINE HOWARTH.

Tender and true, love, tender and true,
Thou has ever been, love, and ever wilt be;
My heart, like a blossom athirst for the dew,
Looks up for its courage and comfort to thee.
Thou, my beloved, with a word or a smile,
Canst cheer, and the faith that is fainting renew;
I turn to my task, softly whispering the while,
Tender and true, love, tender and true.

Tender and true, in my beauty and bloom,
When the chaplet of pleasure was fresh on my brow;
Tender and true, in the shadow and gloom
That falls on my pleasure and saddens it now.
The friends of my summers have fallen away;
The scornful are many—the hopeful are few;
And only of one in this world can I say,
Tender and true, love, tender and true.

Bless thee—God bless thee!—all the day long,
Softly I whisper in praise and in prayer;
If thou couldst but strengthen, oh! I should be strong;
And light be my burden, if thou couldst but share.
But fate wills it otherwise—sadly bereft,
To soothe and to comfort is all thou can'st do;
And why should I murmur, while thou art but left—
Tender and true, love, tender and true!

☞ Mr. Quibble, reading that "it has been decided in the Court of Queen's Bench, in Dublin, that a clergyman of the Church of England can legally marry himself," observed that that might be very well as a measure of economy, but that even in the hardest times he should prefer to marry a woman.

Abraham Lincoln.

Notwithstanding the many descriptions of the late President's physical peculiarities, the following, from the Washington Republican, by William H. Herdon, for twenty years, Mr. Lincoln's law-partner, has a fresh interest:—

"Abraham Lincoln was born in Hardin county, Kentucky, February 12, 1809. He moved to Indiana in 1816; came to Illinois in March, 1830; to old Sangamon county in 1831; settling in New Salem; and from this last place to this city in April, 1837, coming as a rude, odd, uncultivated boy, without polish or education, and having no friend. He was about six feet four inches high, and when he left the city was fifty-one years old, having good health, and no gray hairs, or but few, in his head. He was thin, wiry, sinewy, raw-boned; thin through the breast to the back, and narrow across the shoulders; standing, he leaned forward—was what may be called stoop-shouldered, inclining to the consumptive by build. His usual weight was about a hundred and sixty pounds. His organization—rather his structure and function—worked slowly. His blood had to run a long distance from his heart to the extremities of his frame, and his nerve force had to travel through dry ground a long distance before his muscles were obedient to his will. His structure was loose and leathery; his body was shrunk and shrivelled, having dark skin, dark hair, looking woe-struck. The whole man, body and mind, worked slowly, creakingly, as if it needed oiling.

"Physically he was a very powerful man, lifting with ease four hundred or six hundred pounds. His mind was like his body, it worked slowly but strongly. When he walked he moved cautiously but firmly, his long arms, and hands on them hanging like giant's hands, swung down by his side. He walked with even tread—the inner sides of his feet were parallel. He put the whole foot flat down on the ground at once, not landing on the heel; he likewise lifted his foot all at once, not rising from the toes, and hence had no spring to his walk. He had the economy of fall and lift of the foot, though he had no spring or apparent ease of motion in his tread. He walked undulatory, up and down, catching and pocketing tire, weariness, and pain all up and down his person, preventing them from locating. The first opinion of a stranger, or a man who did not observe closely, was that his walk implied shrewdness, cunning—a tricky man—but his was the walk of caution and firmness. In sitting down on a common chair he was no taller than ordinary men. His legs and arms were abnormally, unnaturally long, and in undue proportion to the balance of his body. It was only when he stood up that he loomed above other men.

"Mr. Lincoln's head was long and tall from the base of the brain, and from the eyebrows—the perceptive faculties. His head ran backward, his forehead rising, as it ran back at a low angle like Clay's, and unlike Webster's almost perpendicular. The size of the hat, measured on the hatter's block, was seven and one-eighth, his head being from ear to ear six and one-half inches, and from the front to the back of the brain eight inches. Thus measured it was not below the medium size. His forehead was narrow but high; his hair was dark, almost black, and lay floating where his fingers or the wind left it, piled up at random. His cheek-bones were high, sharp and prominent. His eyebrows heavy and jutting out; his jaws were long, up-curved and heavy; his nose was large, long, and blunt, having the tip glowing in red, and a little awry toward the right eye; his chin was long, sharp, and up-curved; his eye-brows cropped out, like a huge rock on the brow of a hill; his face was long, sallow, cadaverous, shrunk, shrivelled, wrinkled, and dry, having here and there a hair on the surface; his cheeks were leathery; his ears were large and ran out almost at right angles from his head, caused by heavy hats, and partly by nature; his lower lip was thick, hanging, and under-curved, while his chin reached for the lip up-curved; his neck was neat and trim, his head being well balanced on it; there was the lone mole on the right cheek, and Adam's apple on his throat.

"Thus stood, walked, acted, and looked Abraham Lincoln. He was not a pretty man by any means, nor was he an ugly one. He was a homely man, careless of his looks, plain-looking and plain-acting. He had no pomp, display, or dignity—so called. He appeared simple in his carriage and bearing. He was a sad-looking man; his melancholy dripped from him as he walked. His apparent gloom impressed his friends and created a sympathy for him—*one means of his great success.* He was gloomy, abstracted, and joyous, rather humorous, by turns. I do not think he knew what real joy was for more than twenty-three years.

"Mr. Lincoln sometimes walked our streets cheerily, good-humoredly, perhaps joyously, and then it was, on meeting a friend, he cried, 'How d'y,' clasping one of his friend's hands in both of his, giving a good, hearty, soul-welcome. Sometimes he might be seen wending his way to his office, to the court-room, or the railroad depot with his baggage, looking like a rail in broadcloth.

"Of a winter's morning he might be seen stalking and stilting it toward the market-house, basket on his arm, his old gray shawl wrapped around his neck, his little Willie or Tad running along at his heels, asking a thousand little quick questions, which his father heard not—not even then knowing that little Willie or Tad was there, so abstracted was the father. When he thus met a friend, he said that something put him in mind of a story which he heard in Indiana; and tell it he would, and there was no alternative but to listen.

"Thus, I say, stood and walked and looked this singular man. He was odd; but when that gray eye and face and every feature were lit up by the inward soul in fires of emotion, *then* it was that all these apparently ugly features sprang into organs of beauty, or sunk themselves in a sea of inspiration that sometimes flooded the face. Sometimes it appeared to me that Lincoln's soul was fresh—just from the presence of it's Creator."

☞ A party has recently arrived at Los Angeles, New Mexico, from the vicinity of Buena Vista Lake and the oil springs there, having in their possession a bottle containing, according to the News, "a mineral substance very much resembling crude petroleum, but without any smell, and possessing all the qualities of a fine black writing fluid.

☞ It has been discovered that Othello held a legal as well as a military office in Venice. He was a-tawny-General.

WINTER WOOING.

I.

Down through the wintry woodlands
As to the mere we go,
Red berries we see of the holly-tree,
And pearls of the mistletoe;
And the ice is smooth for skaters,
For the winds have swept the snow;
And a maiden divine o'er the hyaline
Flies fast, with cheeks aglow—
Like a marvellous bird, whose plumage gay
glitters in Eastern skies:
Oh, to follow her swift, upon keel of steel, and
woo her as she flies!

II.

Bright hair and gay apparel
Stream back as she meets the breeze:
And away she has shot like a fairy yacht
On the blue soft summer seas;
For the keen North Wind's her wooer;
But she with dainty ease
From his rough grasp slips ere her waist he
clips
With an arm that to bind must freeze.
There's a laugh on the daring darling's lip, and
joy in her bright brown eyes;
Oh, to follow her swift, upon keel of steel, and
woo her as she flies!

Gadall Gleanings.

REPORTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ERAW.

Wall, Malerky, I must say you've did yer best; you've driv thet hoss consjest ter death. He pants like a whipped pussycat. Here we be tew Bijah's, an' taint so late as it might be nyther. You git out an' let down them bars so't we can drive up ter the front door; I aint a goin' to drabble this splendid silk dress skirt all the way up 'n down 'Bijah's path.

I do wonder ef 'Bijah's tew hum. I don't see no light tew none o' the winders. Mebby he's gone ter bed. You go round ter the southwest eend o' the house an' knock under his bedrum winder. Thet 'll start 'im. You dunno which his bedrum winder is? It's the furder one ef he sleeps where he did when old Miss 'Bijah Lawson was alived, and it's altogether likely thet he does.

How deepert dark it is. I wish ther was a moon—no I don't nyther, come ter think, cause then somebody might see us, poserbly. What? You're a goin' ter knock ter the door fust? Wall, knock good 'n loud, so 's ter wake 'im up ter once: I don't wanter stan here long waitin' in expense. Knock louder, Malerky. These here farmers sleeps so sound it takes consid'able ter raise 'em. Hark! I thought I heard a stirrin'. Why don't he come ter the door I wonder. You don't hear nobody? You don't b'lieve he's tew hum? Oh, sho! yes he is. 'Bijah don't never go off from hum nowheres o' nights. When he come ter see me he come in broad daylight. I'd furgot old Miss Lawson was dead—she's ben bedrid an' as good as dead fur so many year—an' I thort ter be sure he'd come ter borry some yarbs fur her. I told him so, an' he said I was a pooty widder ter talk o' borryin' yarbs fur a dead woman.

Malerky, taint o' no use ter stan' here for ever a knockin'. Go round ter the back o' the house an' thump tew his bedrum winder—thump loud now—the furdest winder, remember, on the southwest eend o' the house. I dew hope 'Bijah's tew hum. An' I dew hope Malerky 'll hurry an' wake 'im up. This expense is awful teyin' ter my nerves, 'specially after the awful shock they've contaminated ter night. Ef we shouldn't git 'Bijah after all, an' I should have ter reamputate back ter Malerky's without no husband I dew b'lieve 't would kill me outright. We must find 'Bijah ef he's ter be found. I know he'll have me 'cause taint more'n tow or three weeks eence he was crazy fur me ter marry him. Oh, ef I'd on'y ben cunnin' an' remembered that tew birds in the hand was wuth one in the bush! ef I'd on'y held on ter 'Bijah till I was sure I'd got Sampson! But then I warn't a lookin' out fur him tew play me no tricks. I thort everything was all jest as he pertended, an' thet he'd forgin my diss'pintin' him when I was a gal, an' all. There! sh! I heerd somebody a stirrin' up chamber. No, it's Malerky a comin' round the north side o' the house. Wall, Malerky, couldn't ye hear nothin' on him? How many—did ye listen' tew the winder? did ye pound as loud as ye could? What! you've pounded a splinter inter yer fist? An' a blister onter tother hand? Dear me! he does wake up so hard. I allers heerd old Miss Lawson say 't 'Bijah was wusn'n the dead ter wake up, ef she ever wanted any medicine or hot porridge in the night. Now, Malerky, you *must* knock agin, an'—hark! ther's somebody routin' out up chamber, sure as you're alived! I didn't know 't 'Bijah slep' up stairs. They haint struck no light, but there, he's openin' the winder an' pokin' his head out. That must be 'Bijah hisself, 'cause he haint got no housekeeper, an' ther don't no famerly life in the house with 'im.

Here Malachi whispers to his mother: "Don't speak now—don't let it be known there's a woman here till I've found out whether it's Lawson, if you want to save your bacon. Let *me* do the talking."

Malachi. (In a feigned voice.) "Is Mr. Lawson to the house?"

Head at the window. "You wanter see 'im?"

M. "Of course I do, or what should I come here for? Call him, will you?"

Head. "Couldn't dew it no how. Tew much trouble. Ef you want anything on him jest leave yer arrant here, an' I'll dew it tew him in the mornin'."

M. "I tell you I want to see Mr. Lawson. Will you wake him and ask him to come to the door?"

H. "Spect he's wide awake now."

M. "Call him then, will you?"

H. "Who *be* ye?"

M. (losing patience.) "None o' your business. I say will you please ask Mr. Abijah Lawson to come to the door. Tell him there's a man here waiting to speak with him."

H. "Haint I tellud ye once thet I couldn't dew it? An' did you ever know Pete Peppercorn ter tell a lie?"

M. (quite beside himself.) "You jackanapes! If you don't quit this palavering and go call up Lawson at once, I'll cowhide you within an inch of your life before you're a week older.

H. "I tell ye I can't, an' I won't. *I* aint a goin' ter git out o' my warm bed an' pitch on my cold duds, an' streak it clear over ter Aunt Roxy Brayman's in the cold, ter call Mr. Lawson hum from sparkin Aunt Roxy, not fur you nor no other consarnid stranger. An' furder, let me tell ye Mr. man, 'Bijah Lawson's strong as a hoss, an' he likes me, cause I'm Aunt Roxy's brother's son; an' he's hired me ter come an' work for 'im, an' ef you dew dast ter cowhide me, he'll give ye sich a tremenjous thrashin' as you never took in all yer born days, so! now! An' I don't thank ye nuther, Mr. man, for keepin' me here tew the winder so long shakin' with the cold, so you may jest go tew grass!" (*Head disappears; slam comes down the window.*)

M. "There, old woman! You've lost 'Bijah! What did I tell you? I thought if he was in such a hurry to marry he wouldn't wait a week before he went to see somebody else."

Aunty Scranton. "It's mean! it's awful! Aunt Roxy Brayman! sparkin' her when his wife haint been dead tew months yit! haint skersely got cold in her grave! oh, it's awful! Sich a degenerite world! Old Roxy Brayman! *she's* a lazy, shiftless, slanderin' old curmudgeon. It's lucky I didn't speak, it's most consarnidly lucky 't I didn't speak, fur Pete would a knowed my voice, an' it would all a' leaked out what I came after. Now, thank fortin', ther' won't nobody know it, fur you an' Sary Ann won't tell on it, Malerky, fur what'll disgrace me 'll disgrace you both on ye."

M. (Muttering an oath.) "No need of telling of this; you've disgraced us enough, over and above this Lawson raid. Come, old woman, into the carriage with you. You'll never get *me* to hunting up husbands for you again, while I stand in Malachi Scranton's shoes."

Popular Fallacies Concerning the Dead Sea.

A somewhat interesting letter by a reverend gentleman, who is about to publish a work on the Holy Land, for the Christian Knowledge Society, appeared in the early part of this week in the columns of the daily papers, on the subject of the Dead Sea. The reverend gentleman, who has for a long time resided on the shores of this famous lake, with a view to the study of the natural history of its environs and of the land generally, briefly dissipates some of the most erroneous but best-established illusions and traditions respecting this maligned spot. Hitherto it has been supposed, and even decided in school books, that the margin of the great salt sea was fatal to animal and vegetable life. This is that "first foolish fond tradition" which this new authority hastens to dispel. So far from being fatal, 118 specimens of birds either swim through or fly over its waters. The birds which fell plumb down, dead—as Coleridge's albatross, killed by the mephitic vapors of the gloomy pool—are a mere myth. More than forty specimens of mammalia revel on its banks, in its canebrakes and jungle. Indigo, maize, and barley grow on some of its approaches to within a few feet of the margin. Hence it must be considered rather a Paradise than an Aceldama.

The reverend writer, indeed, suggests that, on account of its salt and sulphur springs, it should be adopted as a sanatorium. Fancy the Dead Sea as a new Baden, and a company established a make it a place of fashionable resort. Things more unlikely have happened ere this; and save that bathing is more or less impracticable, because one's feet will rise above one's head in swimming on these dense waters, there appear no practicable difficulties in the way of such a scheme.—*London Cor. Boston Post.*

Chinese Cosmetic for Jaundice.

Jaundice continues to be very prevalent among the Pekingese; but one case only has occurred amongst the foreign community. I ascertained to-day a mode of treatment they adopt for restoring the color of the skin. It consists of smearing the pit of the stomach with a paste made of flour and water. A sheet of strong brown paper, on which some melted wax has been poured, so as to give it a ceraminous coating, is then taken and rolled up in a tubular form. The patient lies down before a fire and applies one end of the tube to the part of the stomach where the paste has been smeared; the other end is held as near as possible to the fire, and kept there until the paper gets too hot to be retained longer. The wax is then examined, and is generally found to have become yellow like the skin. This operation is repeated until the whole of the bilious pigment has been extracted from the skin. My informant spoke confidently with reference to the efficacy of this curious mechanical cosmetic.

Cause of the Blue Color of the Sky.

It is generally supposed that the blue color of the sky is due to moisture in our atmosphere, and the idea seems to be confirmed by the intensity of the color during the moist weather of summer, when compared with the sky of the more dry weather of winter. It has recently been shown by Professor Cooke of Cambridge, in a paper read to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, that this view is correct. He has found by means of the spectroscope, a very delicate instrument of analysis, by which the most minute substances, even when at a distance, can be detected, that the aqueous vapor of the atmosphere absorbs most powerfully the yellow and red rays emanating from the sun, leaving the blue rays to be transmitted, and thus accounting for the color of the sky. The instrument also proves that the color is due to the simple absorption of these rays by the water, and not to repeated reflections from the surface of an infinity of drops, as has been supposed.

NEW APPLICATION OF ART FOR THE REPRODUCTION OF THE WORKS OF GREAT MASTERS.—Some of our leaders may have heard of the invention made by the German artist, Herr Liepmann, who died lately in Vienna, whereby accurate copies of oil paintings are so prepared upon canvas as to preserve the softness and richness of the originals with all the durability and excellence of oil paintings. By this means we have the opportunity of possessing very true copies of the most celebrated masters, ancient and modern, among which are already reproduced works of Murillo, Raphael, Guido Reni, Perugino, Sassaferato, Gavermann, Linke, and Achenoach, with many others to follow immediately.

FAITHFUL.—Sarah Jennings, wife of Marlborough, wrote to the Duke of Somerset when he offered her marriage: "If I were young and handsome as I was, instead of old and faded as I am, and you could lay the empire of the world at my feet, you should never share the heart and hand that once belonged to John, Duke of Marlborough."

NINETEENTH ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

Board of Directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company

TO THE STOCKHOLDERS.

OFFICE OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD CO.,
PHILADELPHIA, February 17, 1866.

To the Stockholders of the
Pennsylvania Railroad Company:

The following statements exhibit the Earnings and Expenses, during 1865, of the Railways and Canals owned and leased by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

The Treasurer's account annexed to this Report will show the financial condition of the Company.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

AND BRANCHES WORKED BY IT, EXCEPT THE PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAILROAD.

EARNINGS.

From passengers, first class	$4,855,872 06	
From emigrants	118,320 81	$4,174,192 87
From United States troops		1,278,344 66
From United States mails		80,130 55
From expresses under contract	113,410 00	
From express freight	370,313 85	483,723 85
From general freight		11,193,665 37
From miscellaneous sources		244,712 25
Total earnings		$17,459,169 49

EXPENSES.

Conducting Transportation.

For ordinary expenditures	$3,490,847 07	
For erection of passenger and freight stations, and extension of existing buildings	245,439 02	$3,736,286 09

Motive Power.

For ordinary repairs and renewals, including 11 new engines, costing $364,142 12, charged to this account to meet depreciation, &c.; also, erection of the machine shop and engine house at West Philadelphia	$3,368,987 76	
For additional tools and shop machinery, chiefly outfit of Philadelphia and Erie Railroad	111,394 61	
For additional locomotives purchased for Philadelphia and Erie Railroad and other railroads	1,434,561 03	4,914,943 40

Maintenance of Cars.

*For ordinary repairs and renewals, including the erection of the car shops at West Philadelphia	$1,330,467 52	
For additional freight cars	146,473 56	
For additional passenger cars	180,754 31	1,657,695 39

Maintenance of Road.

For ordinary repairs of railway, and renewals of structures	$2,625,530 35	
For additional second track and sidings	209,575 97	2,835,096 32
General expenses		102,157 34
Total expenditures connected with the business of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, including addition to the facilities for transportation on its own road and that of the railroads it operates		$13,270,088 54

RECAPITULATION.

Gross earnings		$17,459,169 49
Total ordinary expenses	$10,881,930 04	
Total extraordinary expenses, consisting of additional second track and sidings, additional locomotives, cars, &c.	2,388,158 50	13,270,088 54
Leaving a balance of		$4 189,110 95

The gross revenue of the line for 1865 is equal to $48,768 62 per mile of main line of road, (358 miles) and exceeds in the aggregate that of 1864, $2,700,111 83.

This increase is $839,297 75 upon passengers and emigrants; $3,300 39 upon United States mails; $231,566 05 upon ordinary and $138,312 75 on express freights; $767,070 72 upon United States troops; and upon miscellaneous receipts $120,564 21.

The whole number of passengers carried over the road during the year was 2,351,836, and the average distance travelled by each passenger 71 5-10th miles.

The number of tons of freight moved (including 243,104 tons of fuel, and other materials transported for the Company,) was 8,2?8,810, embracing 1,074,737 tons of coal. The decrease in the coal traffic is 12,022 tons, and the whole tonnage of the road exceeds that of last year 33,934 tons.

The ordinary expenditures for working and maintaining the Company's roads were $10,881,930 04, which is equal to 62 32-100ths per cent. of their revenues, or, including the expenditures for construction done on its own line, and the outfit of the Philadelphia and Erie and other railroads, 76 6-100ths per cent.

The earnings of the Company's Canals were:

From Susquehanna Division	$140,912 88
From Juniata Division	22,186 42
From Western Division (now abandoned)	105 00
From Miscellaneous Sources	17,811 56
Total earnings	$121,015 56

Against $278,615 23 in 1864.

The cost of maintaining, enlarging and operating the Canals was:

For Susquehanna Division	$183,779 36
For Juniata Division	87,268 69
For Western Division	8,795 46
	$279,043 51

Showing a loss during 1865 of $96,528 13. This loss is wholly due to an extraordinary freshet that occurred in March last, upon all of the tributaries of the North and West Branches of the Susquehanna, causing a rise in the main river at Harrisburg, three feet above any previous flood upon record, destroying navigation upon the only profitable portion of the Company's Canal until July.

This Company has owned the Pennsylvania Canals since August, 1857, during which time they have yielded revenues amounting to $1,582,226 72, and have cost for repairs and renewals $1,?86 208 73, showing a small loss in operating them up to the 1st ultimo. Included in these expenditures, however, is the cost of enlarging the Susquehanna Division, and rebuilding the structures upon the whole line, nearly all of which had been suffered to fall into decay by the original owner of these works. It is proposed to continue the enlargement of the Canal as far west as Huntingdon, to meet the demands of the coal traffic from the Broad Top and Allegheny coal fields, as fast as it can be done without trespassing upon the net revenues of the railroad. This object could be effected at an earlier date by the organization of a separate company for these works, and raising by a mortgage upon them the amount necessary for this enlargement. The Canal when so enlarged will be of increased importance in the development of the mineral resources of the interior, also done, as it will, the capacity for the passage of boats of double the present tonnage, with a comparatively slight increase in the cost of moving it to the transporter. As the bituminous coal fields of Pennsylvania are about twice the distance from tide water at Philadelphia that the anthracite coal fields of Schuylkill county are, this Company has felt the importance of thus affording a cheaper water transportation of the former article to this market.

The earnings of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad in 1865 were:

From passengers	$928,590 21
From troops	94,451 46
From freights	1,033,925 31
From express matter	21,387 29
From mails	19,085 61
From miscellaneous sources	21,201 00
Total earnings	$2,074,140 62

The operating expenses during the same period were:

For conducting transportation	$537,517 74
For motive power	526,840 89
For maintenance of way	627,?50 09
For maintenance of cars	19,?35 56
	$1,?46,?52 28
For 30 per cent. due on lease to meet interest on bonds, taxes, &c	598,709 00
	$2,344,?80 28

Showing a loss in operating the line, (including 31 per cent. of receipts to pay interest on the debt of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Company,) and taxes, of $270,619 49

This loss is largely due to the March freshet in the Susquehanna, already referred to as so destructive to the Canals, but still more disastrously felt throughout the line of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad. Five spans of superstructure of the bridge at Williamsport, and one at Muncy, over the West Branch of this stream, were swept away by the force of the county and toll bridges driven against them by a rapid current. The whole line of road from Sunbury to Erie presented innumerable evidences of the destructive effects of this flood—piers of bridges were undermined and destroyed—culverts swept out—banks broken, and the slopes of excavations and embankments badly washed.

*This includes $62,148 49 expended on cars in use on the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad.

In addition to this amount $62,148 49 was expended by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for repairs to the cars in use on the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad.

The effects of this extraordinary flood in the streams followed or crossed by the road, have shown that the changes made in its profile during the construction of its unfinished portions were judicious and that the location of the line is now such as to render it safe from serious disaster hereafter from a similar rise of waters. Most of the injury sustained was from insecure foundations to piers of bridges, insufficient drainage, too narrow banks, and the incomplete condition of the work generally, except to the superstructure of bridges, all of which would have passed uninjured but for the force with which other bridges were driven against them.

From a very natural desire to see this work in operation—which had been so many years in progress—the Directors of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Company opened the middle division of their line long before it was in a condition for effective service, and at the beginning of a winter of unusual severity; hence its business, small and unorganized, had to be conducted through a wilderness, unprovided with accommodations for labor, and with an undisciplined force at a very heavy increased cost to this Company. These difficulties, added to the increased cost of maintaining a line unfinished in all its details, and the disastrous flood which followed the breaking up of winter, has resulted in the loss above stated, nearly all of which is properly chargeable to construction account.

The whole revenue of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, from its several lines, is as follows, viz:

From the Pennsylvania Railroad and branches	$17,459,169 49
From the Pennsylvania Canals	181,015 38
From the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad	2,074,140 79
	$19,714,325 66

And expenses of operating these lines:

Pennsylvania Railroad, ordinary	$10,881,930 04	
Pennsylvania Railroad, extraordinary	2,388,158 50	
Pennsylvania Canal	279,843 51	
Philadelphia and Erie Railroad	1,746,081 28	
Thirty per cent. reserved to pay interest on debt of P. & E. R. R. Co.	598,708 00	
		$15,894,671 33
Balance		$3,819,654 33

The payments made during the year to the shareholders, of two semi-annual dividends of 5 per cent. each, the balance of interest and coupon accounts, the lease of Harrisburg and Lancaster Railroad taxes on dividends and coupons, ($15,433 01) and the annual sum due to the State ($400,000) for the purchase of the Main Line, amounted to 3,597,496 98

Leaving a surplus of $222,157 35

This result is exhibited after charging all expenditures for new work, and additional rolling stock, &c., amounting in the aggregate to $2,388,128 50, together with an instalment of $100,000 upon the principal of the debt due the State, and losses on leased railroads to expense account; which added to similar charges made during the last four years, gives $8,125,995 15 thus disposed of.

With a view to prevent an undue enlargement of the capital of the Company, so difficult to restrain in corporate enterprises all interest paid during the construction of the Company's railroads, together with all discounts allowed upon bonds sold, and all doubtful investments have from time to time been charged to and paid out of the annual net revenues of the road. There is nothing therefore in the accounts of the Company representing fictitious values; on the contrary, its property is worth in specie much more than it is represented at upon its books. The Main Line and branches of your road were constructed under small contracts for cash, when labor was low and at rates fully one-half less than those now prevalent. In consequence of the conservative policy mentioned, the shareholders have from the day of payment of each instalment received six per cent. interest free of taxes upon their investment *from the net revenues of the road* until May, 1862,* since which time the regular and extra dividends have averaged over eighteen per cent. per annum.

If the increase of rolling stock, &c., paid for from the net revenues of the road, as already stated, were added to the surplus profits as shown by the Treasurer's statement, it would exceed the original cost of the Company's road and outfit between Harrisburg and Pittsburg, when finished with a single track and sidings.

The present condition of the Company's property, therefore, cannot but be viewed with great satisfaction by its shareholders. Estimated at its specie value it may be safely stated as follows:

Main Line of railway, branches and extensions, including shops and depots, Harrisburg and Lancaster Railroad, and Canal	$31,000,000
Equipment of all the Company's railways	8,000,000
Real Estate	3,000,000
Materials on hand, cash and cash balances	3,500,000
Investment in other lines	2,500,000
	$55,000,000

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$30,000,000	
Stock, Harrisburg and Lancaster Railroad Company	1,182,500	
Funded Debt	16,585,000	
Bonds of Harrisburg and Lancaster Railroad Company ($700,000), and other obligations, say in all	2,232,500	
		40,000,000
Surplus		$15,000,000

Which added to the Capital Stock would make its real value $35,000,000, instead of $30,000,000.

If this estimate was predicated upon the cost of creating this property at present values, it would present a much larger balance.

For the past two years the actual net revenues of the Company have been equal to legal interest upon one hundred millions of dollars; but in consequence of the abnormal condition of the traffic from which they were derived it has not been deemed prudent to fully represent them by an increase of capital stock. They have mainly been appropriated to the increase of the Company's property and the amount thus disbursed charged to current expenses. In justification of this policy it will be borne in mind that the increase in the traffic of the line for the past four years is not due to a natural development of its business, but is mainly to be accounted for by the acts of the Southern States, which, at the commencement of hostilities, immediately closed the markets of the southwest, heretofore enjoyed by the producers of the northwestern States, under the vain expectation that they would thus seduce the patriotic feelings of that section from its allegiance to the Union. This object signally failed, while the unusual demand for western products in Europe, that immediately followed, stimulated by high prices (enhanced by the continually increasing volume of the currency), threw this business upon the East and West trunk lines, which, at an early period, were reduced to *three*, by interruptions to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

This increase of traffic was quickly met by enlarging your equipment, notwithstanding the high prices demanded for rolling stock, and a continued apprehension that an early termination of the rebellion might render the construction of many miles of sidings necessary for its accommodation while out of service. If the rebellion had ceased, as every indication seemed to warrant, in season for a full cotton crop during the past year, this would now, to a considerable extent, be the condition of things. But the Southern planter having been required by the rebel government to continue to devote his labor to raising provisions until too late to put in cultivation a crop for the past year, he has not yet become to a material extent a customer of the Northwest. The exhaustion produced by the long continuance of the war, added to the loss of this crop, has thus deferred the full transfer of traffic to its original channels, to a more distant period. Still, this diversion of freights, as small as it has been, is now felt in the reduced quantity and rates charged for transportation. At present neither of the trunk lines have their rolling stock for through traffic fully employed.

The capacity of the East and West Trunk lines, at present, is not only ample for the through traffic offering, but, with the addition of the new road already opened from Erie, and the second tracks to the present lines now in progress, they will be found largely in excess of the business requirements of the country. Their construction during a period of low prices will prevent any competitor that may hereafter enter the field from meeting the contest upon equal terms.

Whatever may be the immediate effects of competition between railways, its ultimate results, when capital is brought into the contest in excess of the demand for its use, is to tax commodities with the increased interest which such capital in the end always exacts. Under the influence of a speculative feeling in England some years since, railways were built so largely in excess of the legitimate demand for their use, that with all the advantages of cheap labor and materials for operating them, the rates now charged are generally nearly twice those prevalent on similar lines in this country, while they still continue, in most cases, comparatively unremunerative to their shareholders.

As the cost of transportation is largely diminished by the quantity and regularity of the supply of freight, it follows that the local traffic of the State can be more cheaply accommodated by branch lines to the existing trunks (which occupy the only natural routes of intercommunication between the East and West within the State, and in the success of which the Commonwealth and the City of Philadelphia are deeply and directly interested) than in any other way. These branches can be located so as to accommodate a larger extent of country than additional through routes would afford.

At an early stage in the history of this Company its Directors, under the influence of an enlightened policy, by subscriptions to their stock, extended efficient aid to the construction of railways from its terminus to the sources of traffic in the West. The investment made in the Marietta and Cincinnati line, from a misappropriation by the company of the means thus furnished, proved unproductive and it has long since been charged to profit and loss upon our books. The credit of the line between Pittsburg and Chicago, in which this Company held $316,600 of stock, also gave way in 1857, with eighty-two miles of its line west of Plymouth scarcely begun, bringing this large investment into great jeopardy. Your Directors, however, promptly agreed that this Company would furnish the iron required for the completion of the road, while the President, with the use of his individual credit and exertions, brought the whole line into early use, thereby not only saving the original investment and largely increasing the traffic of this Company, but enabling it subsequently to dispose of its interest in the line at a profit. The result of this operation has been applied to the completion of the line between Pittsburg and Steubenville, commenced under the patronage of the City of Pittsburg and Allegheny County, but abandoned after a much heavier expenditure of municipal bonds than of cash. The cost of completing this work, in consequence of the late period of the war at which it was commenced, has greatly exceeded our anticipations; but the outlay, it is believed, will eventually prove remunerative in its direct profits, as well as upon the traffic of our line, which has already felt its influence beneficially upon the current of travel since it was opened for use in October last.

In addition to the assistance afforded to these lines, and the completion of a second track of its own road, (except 118 miles,) this Company has furnished the means for the extension of the Broad Top Railroad to Bloody Run, for the completion of the Bald Eagle Valley Railroad, between Tyrone and Lockhaven; the Tyrone and Clearfield Railroad, the Ebensburg and Cresson Railroad; the Western Pennsylvania Railroad, to Freeport; and the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, besides other lines of less extent, all of which have been brought into successful operation.

The Company is also extending its road to the Delaware river at Greenwich Point, in the city of Philadelphia, for the accommodation of the oil and other heavy traffic, from which line a short branch can connect with League Island, an object of much importance in the event of the General Government locating a Navy Yard at that point. It is also furnishing the means for the construction of a road to join the Philadelphia and Trenton Railway at Frankford, by which it is expected to return to the Philadelphia Division much of the business that has avoided this city, in consequence of interruptions to its transit through it. No new project has been undertaken during the year, except the conversion of the abandoned Canal below Freeport, into a railway, to connect with the Fort Wayne Railway in Allegheny City. This line will be cheaply built and it is believed that it will prove remunerative from its local business alone.

It is to this liberal and progressive policy that the prosperity of this Company is in a large measure due. The construction of these various works, and the large equipment purchased for them, have, in consequence of the high prices of labor and materials, required a much larger outlay than anticipated when they were undertaken. The unexpectedly large traffic during the past summer and autumn alone caused an immediate increase of equipment, &c., above our estimate, of over $1,200,000, and from present indications this will have to be increased this year for the accommodation of the Coal, Oil, and Lumber interests, a further sum of one and a quarter millions of dollars. The equipment for the through business seems to be sufficient.

The business of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad is now nearly twice what it was estimated at when you were asked to authorize its lease, fully justifying the belief that its stock, at no distant period, will prove a remunerative investment.

The expenditures upon these several enterprises, including the equipment of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, and other lines, have heretofore been met (without any material enlargement of the obligations of this Company) from the revenues of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and from the sale of securities received from those companies; but the popularity and large supply of United States Bonds, bearing a high rate of interest, continually pressed upon the market during the past year, has precluded the sale of even the best railway securities at ordinary rates. To meet future outlays, it may therefore be necessary to change, to some extent, the usual means for raising funds to meet the obligations of the Company.

The expenditures for new work (including equipment &c., charged to expense account,) amounted in 1865 to $6,010,287 12, which have been met from the surplus revenues of the road and the sale of securities held by the Company. The outlays for similar objects this year will not be less than $3 000,000.

After many years of unsuccessful efforts to induce the New York trunk lines to abandon their policy of committing a share of their freight business to private Freight Expresses, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, for the purpose of counteracting the diversion of traffic from its route, caused by these organizations, and to provide at least equal facilities for the merchants of Philadelphia, assented to the introduction of similar lines upon your railways. The cars to be provided at their own expense, and of a compromise guage, that they might reach all important points in the West or Northwest without transhipment. These fast freight lines were to maintain agents in all the Western cities, who would personally superintend the prompt and proper delivery of freights, and see to the settlement of claims for damages or delays. The result has been to secure a class of business, without interfering with the ordinary tonnage of the Company, that has not heretofore been reached.

In consequence of partisan representations, originally made during an important litigation, and then shown to be false, having since been wantonly and industriously persisted in, from interested motives we feel it to be due to you to reiterate, in as few words as possible, the policy which has ever governed the Directors in relation to the traffic over your line to and from Philadelphia and the West. Neither the inclinations of your Directors or Officers, or the interests of the Company, has permitted them to entertain for a single moment the policy of discriminating against the commercial or manufacturing prosperity of this city. On the contrary, the Company has always kept this proposition of these interests steadily in view, *as conducing to its own*; and in this connection, has sacrificed many hundred thousand dollars in their support and defence. In the memorable contest between the East and West trunk lines, in 1858, the New York Railroad Companies attempted, by a reduction of their rates from and to New York, to those charged by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company from and to Philadelphia, to break up our discrimination in favor of this city. But these reductions were met by similar reductions on the part of this Company at Philadelphia, and the competition was thus continued on both sides by further reductions, until the losses became so heavy that the New York lines deemed it expedient to surrender the point contended for. Our Western connections participated in this contest, and in the final adjustment of rates that followed, the policy of a minimum discrimination in favor of Philadelphia was secured, as large as practicable, which differences have not, with the consent of this Company, been departed from, but from many points and at different periods have been very largely increased.

It is quite true that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company may have carried freights upon the same day out of New York for less rates than from Philadelphia, while at other times the rates from Philadelphia are much less than the established differences would indicate. This is due to the vicious practice or want of system existing among Railway Companies for regulating rates, on through traffic under which they may be suddenly reduced or raised at one point before the fact is communicated to the other. The rates of the Pennsylvania Railroad are always kept under the control of its officers, and whenever reductions are made by the New York lines they are promptly met at Philadelphia by the invariable policy of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. This policy will of course require any competing line, old or new, to conform to it, but contracts to secure an object that both parties may be interested in violating can be of no value, however carefully drawn up. *The only security is in the dispositions of the controlling parties to meet the object desired.*

It is confidently affirmed that no case of seeming discrimination against Philadelphia has occurred, which, on examination, will not find its full explanation in the reductions of a rival line, or a comparison of rates of different dates.

The commercial and manufacturing interests of Philadelphia have been largely promoted by the operations of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company in the establishment by it of rates of freight already far below those anticipated when the work was undertaken. But this is not the only thing required to centre commerce in this city, as seems to be the general belief. The rates of freight have really but little to do with this question, provided they are fixed to as to meet fully the efforts of competing avenues to divert traffic from her route. The large receipts of the Company are the best evidence that such a diversion has not taken place. Mercantile enterprise must seize hold of the products of the West, so abundantly flowing over this avenue, and by its activity, aided by capital, purchase or secure by actual consignment, and ship them to other markets. There is no other way to add to the commerce of Philadelphia, and any movement to that end will meet the hearty co-operation of this Company.

If the advantages of locality possessed by this city are permitted to pass by unimproved by her merchants, they must not complain that those of the West seek other markets to sell and buy in. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has offered every facility to bring to the city the products of the Great West, as well as for their storage while here, and will feel deeply interested in any corresponding effort upon the part of our merchants and capitalists to avail themselves of the advantages thus provided.

Although this Company was organized only for the purpose of carrying freight and passengers to and from the interior and the West, yet it has repeatedly signified its disposition to aid in the establishment of a steamship line between this port and Europe, that the necessity for sending western products to New York for shipment abroad might at least be diminished. This aid has been offered by subscription to the shares of a Company to be named for that object, or by paying six per centum upon the amount of capital so invested, together with other valuable and important business facilities, and they still hope that the mercantile community will co-operate in such manner as to render this aid efficient. In the success and profitableness of such an enterprise, commenced and managed upon a proper basis, your Directors have no doubt, and with the consent of the shareholders, this Company will, unaided, establish such a line of steamers.

Since your last Annual Meeting, the General Superintendent of your Main Line of works (Enoch Lewis, Esq.,) has resigned his office, a post which he had occupied by and most ably filled for nearly six years. His successor, Edward H. Williams, Esq., has served for nearly a year past as Assistant General Superintendent, and in that capacity has evinced qualities that it is believed will give to his administration a success equal to that of his predecessors.

The General Superintendent of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Company, Joseph D. Potts, Esq., has also left the service of the Company, for more profitable employment elsewhere. His place has been filled by the appointment of Alfred L. Tyler, Esq., whose previous success in the management of railroads commended him to the notice of your Directors.

The acknowledgments of the Board are due to the untiring efforts of the Officers of the Company generally, for the efficient manner that the business of the line, during the past year, has been conducted, no withstanding the disorganization that existed in the labor of the country during the first half of the year.

By order of the Board,

J. EDGAR THOMPSON, President.

Tropical Notions.

A notice of Sir John Bowring's recent "Recollections of Java," in an English magazine, says: "Sir John was present once at the arrival of a cargo of ice for the first time in Java. 'The people,' he said, 'looked at it with the same wonder at first that they would have felt had they seen similar masses of crystal. They touched it; the cold was such as they had not before experienced, and the novel sensation filled them with awe and apprehension. But, when it dissolved in their hands they fancied they had unknowingly worked a miracle, and that some demon must have been at the bottom of the mystery. Descriptions of snow, frost, ice, and winter scenery have a singular attraction to the inhabitants of the hot regions. These are to them the very romance of nature. In my travels in the interior of Java I met with a most accomplished lady, who was burning with a desire, about to be gratified, of visiting Europe. 'And now tell me of all you hope to see; from what do you expect to receive the greatest pleasure?' 'Oh,' she answered, 'a forest without leaves.'"

☞ "Mamma," said Harry, a bright little fellow of three, who had bitten into a large cavity in a doughnut, instead of getting a good mouthful as he had anticipated, "please give me another doughnut, this ain't a good one, it's all weared out."

JULES JARED'S

"EMAIL DE PARIS"

FOR IMPARTING BEAUTY AND FRESHNESS TO THE COMPLEXION, CLEARNESS AND SOFTNESS TO THE SKIN.

TESTIMONIALS FROM ACTRESSES.

The secret of beautifying the skin being known only to JULES JARED, he honorably states that it differs from all other skin preparations, being perfectly innocent, producing the most brilliant complexion, and giving a soft, even texture to the skin, like that of an infant, without presenting the least meretricious appearance. The agents of the "Email" have received many letters concerning its merits, from ladies and gentlemen of high standing in social life, but the restraints of private life forbid their publication. They have, therefore, been constrained to limit these testimonials to the letters of ladies whose names are already before the public for their talents and genius, among whom are M'lle Felicita Vestvali, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Lucille Western, Mrs. Emma Waller, and many other distinguished and high-toned lady artistes in the United States:

PHILADELPHIA, November 30, 1864.

JULES JARED & Co. GENTLEMEN: I have received, and with entire satisfaction, used the "Email de Paris." Compelled, as I am, to the use of powders as stage requirements, I find that the "Email" produces all the brilliancy of rouge and lily-white, with the great and peculiar advantage of total harmlessness. It really adds to the softness and smoothness of the skin, without conveying the slightest meretricious idea.

I have no hesitation in recommending it to the profession and the public. And so, believe me, with thanks, Yours truly, LUCILLE WESTERN.

L'Email de Paris is no vulgar paste, paint, powder, or ointment, but a most delicious preparation, which, by its healthful and purifying effect, brings forth freshness, color and beauty, giving both the complexion and texture of polished ivory to the skin. Eugene Jouin, 111 South Tenth St., below Chestnut, Agent for "L'Email de Paris." Orders by mail should be addressed to JARED & RENE, Importers, Philadelphia. feb 24-2t

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WHITE PINE COMPOUND,

Is now offered to the afflicted throughout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years, in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND CURES

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, and other complaints.

Give it a trial if you would learn the value of a good and tried Medicine. It is pleasant, safe and sure.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine generally

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WANTED IMMEDIATELY BY THOUSANDS OF SUFFERING families, a safe and reliable remedy for accidents from burns, scalds, wounds, bruises, &c., the same may be found at any respectable druggist's throughout the United States and Canadas, by inquiring for Holloway's Ointment, which far excels all other salves in use for the immediate relief it gives to burns, scalds, wounds, cuts, &c., no matter how severe. The thousands who have used it pronounce it the speediest in its effect and alleviation of pain—it extracts the heat and the inflammation, and by its soothing nature promotes a rapid cure of all accidents of this character. No household should be without Holloway's Pills and Ointment, which are the cheapest and most efficacious medicines for family use. Sold by all Druggists.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market has been extremely dull. Sales 7000 bbls, chiefly to the trade, at $6 to $7 for superfine, $7@7,75 for extras, $8@9 for North-Western extra family, $8,50@10 for Pennsylvania and Ohio do, do, and $11@12,50 for fancy do, do, according to quality. About 300 bbls Rye Flour sold at $4,75. Sales Corn Meal at $4 for Pennsylvania, and $4,40 for Brandywine.

GRAIN—Sales of 6000 bus Wheat at $2@2,25 ₩ bus for good and choice red, and $1,20@1,80 for inferior, including small lots of white at $2,25@2,50. Rye—1300 bus sold at 75@80c. Corn—Sales of 20,000 bus yellow at 68@70c. Oats—5000 bus sold at 47c.

PROVISIONS—There is no material change to notice in price or demand. Small sales of new Mess Pork are making at $28,50@29 ₩ bbl. Bacon Hams are scarce, with sales at 20@26c ₩ lb; pickled Hams at 18½@19c, and dressed Hogs at $11@12 the 100 lbs. Lard; sales 400 tcs at 17½@18½c, and kegs at 19c. Butter; small sales of solid packed at 22@34c, and roll at 38@44c. Cheese; sales of New York factory at 22c. Eggs; sales at 34@36c.

COTTON—Sales 1100 bales Middlings at 41@46c.

BARK—No 1 Quercitron commands $32,50 ₩ ton.

BEES-WAX—Sales of yellow at 46c ₩ lb.

FEATHERS—Sales at 72@80c for choice Western.

FRUIT—Green Apples sell at $2,50@3 ₩ bbl, and dried do at 8½@9c ₩ lb. Dried Peaches are in steady demand at 12@13c for quarters, and 14@16c for halves. Cranberries sell at $14@16.

PLASTER—We quote Soft at $5,50 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed continues very dull, and has declined $1,50 ₩ bus, closing at $6@6 50 for prime and $5@5,50 for poor. 20 bus Timothy sold at $4@4,25. Flaxseed is in limited request at $2,85@3.

SPIRITS—N E Rum ranges from $2,50 to 2,75. Whiskey is dull at $2 20 for Penna, $2,21@2,22 for Ohio, and $2,20 for refined.

WOOL—There is more doing, with sales 200,000 lbs from 65 to 70c for medium and fine fleeces.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2000 head. The prices realized from 6½@8 cts ₩ lb. 100 Cows brought from $35 to 80 ₩ head. 1900 Hogs sold at from $13,50@14 50 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—5000 head were disposed of at from 6@7 cts ₩ lb.

To Restore Gray Hair, Stop its Falling, MAKE IT GROW ON BALD HEADS, &c., USE

"London"	Gray	"Hair Color Does Restorer."
"London"		"Hair Color Restorer"
"London"	Hair	"Hair Color not Restorer."
"London"		"Hair Color Restorer."
"London"	Changed	"Hair Color Stain Restorer."
"London"		"Hair Color Restorer."
"London"	without	"Hair Color or soil Restorer."
"London"		"Hair Color Any- Restorer,"
"London"	Dyeing.	"Hair Color thing. Restorer."

Apart from its coloring qualities it is a delightful dressing, perfectly cleanly and fragrantly perfumed; does not stain the skin a particle, or soil the finest cambric. Irritation, Scurf, Dandruff or Itching Scalp it cures effectually.

Only 75 cents a bottle; six bottles $4. Sold at Dr. SWAYNE'S, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, and all leading Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. dec9-cowtf

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER.

The Great Family Medicine of the Age!

Every Volunteer should have a Bottle, in cases of sudden attacks of disease.

Pain Killer, taken internally, should be adulterated with milk and water, and sweetened with sugar, or made into a syrup with molasses. For a cough, a few drops on sugar, eaten, will be more effective than anything else. For Sore Throat gargle the throat with a mixture of Pain Killer and water, and the relief is immediate and cure positive.

It should not be forgotten that the Pain Killer is equally as good to take internally as to use externally. Each bottle is wrapped with full directions for its use. feb24-2t

WORTHY THE ATTENTION OF BOTH MALES AND FEMALES, who are in want of business. The well-known House of S. M. Ward & Co., Manufacturing Jewellers, 208 Broadway, N. Y., wish to establish an AGENCY in every town in the U. S., and in order that the Agent can have a sample to exhibit to their customers, they will send as a sample, on the receipt of $2 50, a genuine Gold Pen (warranted) with Silver Extension Case and Pencil, together with a Wholesale Circular to Agents, and eleven certificates, or a Sample Certificate for 25 cts.

There is no Agent but what can make easily $3 a day, and often $10. feb3-2t

BEAUTY.—HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1,18. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

"THEY CURE!" What cures? AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL for a Cough, AYER'S PILLS for a purgative, and AYER'S SARSAPARILLA for the complaints that require an alterative medicine. feb24-2t

THE BEAUTIFUL ART OF ENAMELLING THE SKIN. HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 6th St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

COPPER TIPS protect the toes of children's shoes. One pair will outwear three without tips. Sold everywhere. jan6-17t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th of Feb., by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. MATTHEW B HAZEL to Miss MARY A. GREEN, both of Maryland.

On the 19th of Feb., by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, CHARLES T. BONTEMS to Miss ANNA LIGGETT, both of this city.

On the 15th of Feb, by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. GEORGE T. BRAMBLE to Miss MARY MYERS, both of this city.

On the 31st of Jan., by the Rev. Alfred Cookman, Mr. J ZELL TUCKER to Miss HETTIE HEARNIAN, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 21st of Feb., JOSEPH J. RUDNER, in his 30th year.

On the 22d of Feb., ROBERT STEEN, in his 80th year.

On the 20th of Feb., GEORGE WOELPPER, in his 83d year.

On the 19th of Feb., SAMUEL RICHARDETT, in his 57th year.

On the 18th of Feb., HANNAH A. OAKFORD, in her 60th year.

On the 15th of Feb., Mrs. MARY SINCLAIR, aged 25.

On the 17th of Feb., WILLIAM DOWLING, in his 42d year.

S—T—1860—X.

DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet
They overcome effects of dissipation and late hours.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Diarrhea, Cholera and Cholera Morbus.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.

They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.

P. H. DRAKE & CO.,
21 Park Row, New York.

AGUA de MAGNOLIA.

A toilet delight! The ladies' treasure and gentlemen's boon! The "sweetest thing" and largest quantity. Manufactured from the rich Southern Magnolia. Used for bathing the face and person, to render the skin soft and fresh, to prevent eruptions, to perfume clothing, &c.

It overcomes the unpleasant odor of perspiration.
It removes redness, tan, blotches, &c
It cures nervous headache and allays inflammation.
It cools, softens and adds delicacy to the skin.
It yields a subdued and lasting perfume
It cures musquito bites and stings of insects.
It contains no material injurious to the skin.

Patronized by Actresses and Opera Singers. It is what every lady should have. Sold everywhere. Try the Magnolia Water once and you will use no other Cologne, Perfumery, or Toilet Water afterwards.

DEMAS BARNES & CO.,
jan20-cowdm. Props. Exclusive Agents, N. Y.

VALUABLE RECEIPT FOR TANNING all kinds of furs and skins, such as coon, muskrat, dog, sheep skins, &c. The receipt cost $50 I will send it by return mail for 50 cents. Address WM. H. WOOD, Moravia, Cayuga Co., N. Y.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

MENDENHALL'S

Improved Self-Acting

HAND LOOM

Possesses superior advantages over all other Hand Looms; is more simple and durable; easier understood; easier to operate and more reliable.

FARMERS

Can be independent, by weaving all their goods for home wear on the Mendenhall Improved Hand Loom.

☞ From 15 to 40 yards can be woven on it in a day.

No skill is required to weave upon it, beyond the simple turning of an easy crank. A woman or child can operate it.

THE MENDENHALL IMPROVED LOOM weaves Jeans, Satinet, Tweed, plain and double plain Cloth, Linsey, Blanket Twill, Linen, Toweling, Bird-eye Diaper, Balmoral Skirt Goods, &c., &c., all on the same warp, with one time drawing in the harness. It also weaves all Wool, Hemp, Linen and Rag Carpeting.

EACH LOOM IS WARRANTED

to be and do as represented, and cannot fail to give entire satisfaction.

INDUCEMENTS TO PURCHASERS.

Every purchaser of the Improved Loom will be allowed a liberal commission on each Loom sold by them, thus enabling them with a little exertion, to receive back the price paid for their Loom.

☞ Looms, Loom Findings, Black and White Cotton Warp, Filling Yarn, &c., constantly on hand.

For descriptive circulars, list of prices, and samples of cloth wove on the Loom, address, with stamp inclosed,

A. B. GATES & CO.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.,
or GREENWOOD LOOM COMPANY,
dec30-3m Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED TO TAKE ORDERS for the best selling book now published,

THRILLING STORIES OF THE GREAT REBELLION,

Comprising heroic adventures and hair-breadth escapes of soldiers, scouts, spies and refugees; daring exploits of smugglers, guerrillas, desperadoes and others; tales of loyal and disloyal women; stories of the negro, &c., &c., with incidents of fun and merriment in camp and field. By Lieutenant-Colonel Charles S Greene, late of the United States Army. Handsomely illustrated with engravings on steel and in oil colors.

Send for circulars and see the liberal terms offered.

CHAS. S. GREENE & CO., Publishers,
feb10-4t No. 134 S. THIRD St., Philadelphia.

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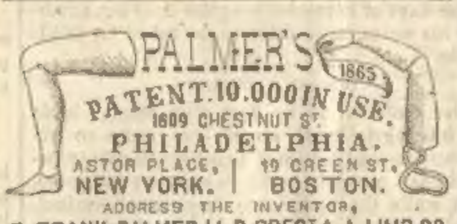
Prize Money and Pension Office.

Established in 1846.

JOHN H. FRICK,

NOTARY PUBLIC, PENSION AND PRIZE AGENT, Commissioner for all the States. Collects Claim to PENSIONS, BOUNTY, PAY, PRIZE MONEY, &c., for Soldiers, Seamen, Marines, Widows, Mothers and Heirs. Office, No. 923 DOCK street, above Walnut room No 3, Philadelphia. Residence, No 9 LINDEN St., Germantown. PASSPORTS procured, ACKNOWLEDGMENTS, Depositions and Affidavits taken for Pennsylvania Letters will receive attention. feb24-3m



These Inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct23-1y

P. S. PETERSON & Co.,

(Late Withers & Peterson,)

19 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA,

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STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

7 3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.

All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.

Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.

DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points. my9-1y

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AT YOUR OWN HOMES.

Thousands can realize a hundred dollars weekly. No utensils required except those found in every household; profits 100 per cent; demand staple as flour. It is the greatest discovery of the age. Full particulars sent on receipt of two stamps for return postage. Address HOSKINS & BROWN, feb24-2t 641 Broadway, New York.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 times, mailed for 50 CENTS. THREE for $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, dec 17-tf Box 420, Boston, Mass.

Have been familiarly known to the American Public for upwards of three-quarters of a century. They speak their own praise wherever planted.

DEALERS IN SEEDS,

Whether Country Merchants, Booksellers, Druggists or regular Seedsmen, not already customers of the subscribers, are invited to become such.

OUR WHOLESALE PRICE LIST,

Published for the *Trade only*, will be mailed to all Dealers who apply.

MARKET GARDENERS,

To whom Pure and Reliable Seeds are of the first importance, will be supplied on favorable terms.

PRIVATE FAMILIES,

Resident in localities remote from parties who vend our Seeds, will be supplied (by Mail, post-paid, or Express,) with Seeds of quality seldom equalled.

LANDRETH'S RURAL REGISTER, 1866,

Containing numerous Hints on Horticulture, will be mailed to all applicants who enclose a two-cent stamp, with their address.

DAVID LANDRETH & SON,

NOS. 21 AND 23 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,

feb17-3t PHILADELPHIA.

PREMIUM GOLD MEDAL.

AMERICAN BELL COMPANY'S STEEL COMPOSITION AND BRONZE METAL BELLS.

32 LIBERTY STREET, NEW YORK.

The following is a copy of the cert ficate of the Board of Managers of the *American Institute* in response to the Report of the Committee of Judges on Bells:

No. 269.

G. M. This is to certify, that a GOLD MEDAL was awarded the AMERICAN BELL COMPANY for STEEL COMPOSITION AND BRONZE METAL BELLS, with Harrison's Rotating Hanging apparatus.

(Signed) JOHN W. CHAMBERS, Secretary Board of Managers.

American Institute, New York, Oct. 23d, 1865.

This is the highest commendation ever given by the American Institute to any Bell Founder in the United States.

AMERICAN BELL COMPANY,
nov 18-6m 32 Liberty Street, New York.

DRS. GALLOWAY & SHEDD

Have resumed their successful practice at No. 142 South Eighth Street. They use no drugs whatever in their practice, all cures being performed by their peculiar mode of applying *Magnetism, Galvanism, Electro-Magnetism*, and *Electricity*.

Having added another room to the establishment, they are enabled to treat at least *one hundred patients* per day. They have treated and CURED TEN THOUSAND INVALIDS who were considered incurable by their physicians. Let no sick person, male or female, suffering from any form of disease fail in consulting these gentlemen, as they are curing the worst cases daily. An interesting pamphlet, mailed free, by addressing

DRS GALLOWAY & SHEDD,
No. 142 South Eighth St., Philadelphia.
No Charge for Consultation. dec23-7teow

Church Choirs are Satisfied

That the best book for their use is

"THE HARP OF JUDAH,"

by L. O. EMERSON. Letters from all directions confirm the opinion that no collection of Church Music recently published has given such general satisfaction. Choirs the most fastidious in their tastes, and having the reputation of being "very hard to please," have acknowledged the "Harp of Judah" to be just the book they want. Price, $1 38 per copy. $12 a dozen.

OLIVER DITSON & Co., Publishers,
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CANCER.

A NEW method of treating CANCER, by Drs. BABCOCK & SON, which has already been proved by over TWO THOUSAND CASES! to be the most SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT FOR CANCER that has ever been used by man. The method of treatment is simple. This terrible disease is removed in a solid mass, without the use of the knife. Loss of Blood, Producing of Pain, Caustic Burning, or affecting the sound parts. We will give any number of Testimonials; also will answer all letters of inquiry. Address DRS. BABCOCK & SON, 27 Bond Street, New York. mar3-11t

CATARRH! BRONCHITIS! DYSPEPSIA! NATURE'S SOVEREIGN REMEDIALS—WM R PRINCE, Flushing, N. Y., for 40 years proprietor of the Linnæan Nurseries, has discovered *Positive Cures* for the above, and for all Scrofulous and Chronic diseases, including Spermatorrhœa and all Liver and virulent diseases. Explanatory Circular one stamp. Treatise on all Diseases 15 cents.

A LADY WHO HAS BEEN CURED OF great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow-sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, inclosing a stamp, MRS. M MERRITT, P O Box 3859, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. dec9-10t

FUN, INFORMATION, AND 81 SAMPLES sent gratis to any address. Don't neglect it. Enclose three cent stamp to prepay postage. Address CAMERON & CO., 146 Beekman St., New York. feb10-4t

A Scientific Wonder.

EUROPEAN POCKET TIMEKEEPER.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

PATENT APPLIED FOR JUNE 29, 1865.

AN EXACT and RELIABLE Pocket TIMEKEEPER for Ladies and Gentlemen. Correctly constructed on the most approved SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES, and warranted to DENOTE SOLAR TIME, with absolute certainty and the utmost precision. It never can be wrong. It requires NO KEY or winding up; NEVER RUNS DOWN, and can never be too fast or too slow. It is a most remarkable article. Approved by the Press and ALL WHO HAVE USED THEM. Just introduced into this country from Europe, where it is secured by ROYAL LETTERS PATENT. Price for a single one, with plain or fancy White Dial, in Gold or Silver-Gilt Case, only $1. Sent, postage paid, to any part of the country, on receipt of price. Safe delivery guaranteed. All orders must be addressed to J. W. DELAMERE & CO., SOLE PROPRIETORS, feb17-3m 206 Broadway, New York.

FIRST PREMIUM

IMPROVED

$5 SEWING MACHINE! $5

THE EMBODIMENT OF PRACTICAL UTILITY AND EXTREME SIMPLICITY.

Originally patented May 13th, 1862; Improvement patented June 9th, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CRIMPING attachment, a most Wonderful and Elegantly Constructed Novelty; is NOISELESS in operation, uses the STRAIGHT NEEDLE, and *works horizontal*, sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD of ALL KINDS. Makes the RUNNING-STITCH more perfect and regular than by hand, and with extraordinary rapidity, making SIXTEEN STITCHES to each evolution of the Wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, SHIRR, TUCK, RUN UP BEADING, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has taken the PREMIUM at STATE FAIRS, and received the approval of all the principal journals and of those who have USED it. It is the ONLY low priced sewing machine that has received a PREMIUM, or that is PATENTED.

"For the Dressmaker it is invaluable, for the Household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book.*

"With single or double thread, it silently, yet very rapidly, with a common needle, makes the running stitch exactly like hand sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted everywhere. Circular, containing Liberal Inducements, sent Free. Address all orders,

FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE CO.,
sep23-6m Office, 102 Nassau St., New York.

$1500 PER YEAR!—We want agents everywhere to sell our IMPROVED $20 Sewing Machines. Three new kinds. Under and upper feed. Warranted five years. Above salary or large commissions paid. The ONLY machines sold in United States for less than $40, which are *fully licensed by Howe, Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Singer & Co., and Bachelder. All* other cheap machines are *infringements*. Circulars *free*. Address, or call upon Shaw & Clark, Biddeford, Maine. dec 30-3m

AWAY with SPECTACLES.

OLD EYES

MADE NEW, without Spectacle, Doctors or Medicine. Pamphlet mailed free. Address E. B. FOOTE, M. D., 1130 Broadway, New York. dec9-3m

AWAY with UNCOMFORTABLE

TRUSSES!

COMFORT AND CURE FOR THE RUPTURED. Sent free. Address, E. B. FOOTE, M. D., 1130 Broadway, New York. dec9-3m

PARENTS take care of Your

CHILDREN!

CROUP—Its Cause, Cure, *and how it may be prevented*. Sent free. Address, E. B. FOOTE, M. D., 1130 Broadway, New York. dec9-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

Not Bad.

A short distance from the city of Montgomery, in the State of Alabama, on one of the stage roads running from that city, lived a jolly landlord by the name of Ford. In fair weather or foul, in hard times or soft, Ford would have his joke. It was a bitter, stormy night, or rather morning, about two hours before daylight, that he was aroused from his slumbers by loud shouting and knocks at his door. He turned out, but sorely against his will, and demanded what was the matter. It was dark as tar, and seeing no one, he cried out:

"Who are you there?"

"Burder, and Yancy, and Elmore, from Montgomery," was the answer, "on our way to attend court. We are benighted, and want to stay all night."

"Very sorry I can't accommodate you so far; do anything to oblige you, but that's impossible."

The lawyers, for there were three of the smartest in the State, and all ready to drop down with fatigue, held a brief consultation, and then, as they could do no better, and were too tired to go another step, they asked:

"Well, can't you stable our horses and give us chairs and a good fire until morning?"

"Oh, yes, gentlemen, can do that."

Our learned and legal friends were soon drying their wet clothes by a bright fire, as they composed themselves the few remaining hours in their chair, dozing and nodding, and now and then swearing a word or two of impatience, as they waited till daylight did appear. The longest night has a morning, and at last the sun came along, and then in due time a good breakfast made its appearance; and to the surprise of the lawyers, who thought the house was crowded with guests, none but themselves sat down to partake.

"Why, Ford, I thought your house was so full you couldn't give us a bed last night?" said Burder.

"I didn't say so," replied Ford.

"You didn't? What in the name of thunder did you say?"

"You asked me to let you stay here all night, and I said it would be impossible, for night was nigh unto two-thirds gone when you came. If you only wanted beds, why on earth didn't you say so?"

The lawyers had to give it up. Three of them on one side, and the landlord alone had beat them all.

Directions for the Year 1866.

The year 1866 will be a very eventful one to every maiden who gets married.

Throughout the whole course of the year, whenever the moon wanes the nights will grow dark.

If dandies wear their beards, there will be less work for barbers. He who wears his moustache will have something to sneeze at.

Whoever is in love this year will think his mistress an angel. Whoever gets married will find out whether it is true.

He that loses his hair this year will grow bald.

He that loses his wife will become a widower.

If a young lady should happen to blush she will look red in the face. If she dreams of a young man three nights in succession, it is a sign of something. If she dreams of him four times, or has a toothache, it is ten to one that she is a long time getting either of them out of her head.

If anybody jumps overboard without knowing how to swim, it is two to one he gets drowned.

If any one lends an umbrella, it is ten to one he is obliged to go home in the rain for his pains.

Whoever runs in debt this year will be dunned.

Many an old sinner will resolve to turn over a new leaf this year, but the new leaf will turn out blank.

It is probable that if there is no business doing, people will complain of hard times, but it is certain that those who hang themselves will escape starving to death.

He that bites off his nose, or turns politician, will act like a fool, and this is the most certain of all.

Not a Bad Description.

Some years ago, in a *fracas* which occurred not a thousand miles from Vincennes, Indiana, a man accidentally present was severely wounded with a knife by one of the belligerents. Much alarm was excited, and doctors were hastily sent for, and one Esculapian came "armed and equipped," as he thought was exactly right; at any rate, he went to work upon the case as if *he* was going to do something. Rolling up his sleeves, and "diving into it," he said to the horror-stricken bystanders, "Bad case—incised cut of the prineum membranus—and—through the umbilicus ministary to the lineralbum. The viscus and the sigmum are incised—and the piluric orifice of the hepatic ductus, is lacerated to the anterior spinus of the attachment of the fifth gang—." It was too much for a particular friend of the poor sufferer. He gave up, and hastened out into the fresh air to revive his fainting faculties. While walking up and down, painfully and despairingly wringing his hands, in front of the saloon where the mischief had been done, an acquaintance came hurriedly up and said to him, "How is Sam?" He replied: "There is no chance in the world for him; he must die, poor fellow! *The Latin parts of his bowels are all out to pieces!*" Is it any wonder that Sam died?

His Name.

This vivid sketch of editorial character on the Pacific side is from Artemus Ward, who says: "My arrival at Virginia City was signalized by the following incident: I had no sooner achieved my room in the garret of the International Hotel, than I was called upon by an intoxicated man, who said he was an editor. Knowing how rare it was for an editor to be under the blighting influence of either spirituous or malt liquors, I received this statement doubtfully. But I said, 'What name?' 'Walt,' he said, and went out. I heard him pacing up and down the hall outside. In ten minutes he returned, and said, "Pepper!" Pepper was indeed his name. He had been out to see if he could remember it; and he was so flushed with his success, that he repeated it joyously several times, and then, with a short laugh, he went away. I had often heard of a man being so drunk that he didn't know what town he lived in, but here was a man so hideously inebriated that he didn't know what his name was. I saw no more of him, but I heard from him, for he published a notice of my lecture, in which he said I had a dissipated air!"

ON BOARD A CALIFORNIA STEAMER.

These steamers do not provide *superfluous* accommodations.

A Fox Story.

Two business gentlemen from New Haven, who occasionally indulged in a little sporting experience, visited Southington on a hunt, the other day. Birds were not plenty, and with doubtful success the gentlemen started for the depot toward night, to take the train home. Coming across an Irishman, they accidentally asked him if there were any rabbits, partridges, quails, foxes, or any other game about there. "Bedad there is that. I can put my finger on a nest of foxes where there is five young 'uns and an old un! They are so tame yes can stroke 'em with yer hand!"

This was a chance to capture fur not to be lost; and after some dickering, Pat agreed to pilot them to the nest for three dollars. After trudging through the woods about a mile, the party came to a clearing where stood a log house. With a horrible Mulesian grin, he pointed to an old woman and five young imps lying loose about the main floor, exclaiming: "See the tame crathurs: Mrs. Patrick Fox, these hunters are after yez! Good day, gintlemen."

The hunters got back to the depot too late for the train that day, but they arrived home all safe the next morning. It is unnecessary to mention, however, that it is not to them that we are indebted for the above fact.

Solomon's Song.

A gentleman, in fair and regular standing in one of our fashionable city churches, entered one of our leading music stores some time since, and stated his wishes in this wise:

"Have you Solomon's Song? I want to get a copy."

"N—no," said the salesman, not being able to recollect at the moment any lithographed sheet with that title—"No; I am afraid not."

"Ah!" said the amateur, drawing on his kid; "perhaps it isn't out yet. Our rector spoke of it last Sunday as a production of great genius and beauty, and I want my daughter to learn it."

The shopman, with what gravity he could command, regretted that they had no copies in yet; and the customer left just in season not to hear the loud laugh at the desk behind the green curtain.

BLOODY MINDED.—A duel was nearly the consequence of two gentlemen asserting their rival claims to the smiles of a beauty in a basket carriage at the races of La Marche, Paris.

"You are an impertinent fellow," said A——.

"Sir," replied B——, "you shall give me satisfaction."

"I shall ask it of you, sir," was the reply of A——.

"I shall remain at home all day to-morrow."

"I shall also remain at home!" was the indignant response of B——.

The fruit of this mutual demonstration was peace.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

GARDEN SEEDS.

Again the season is with us in which it is proper to begin thinking about garden seeds, and stirring up our ideas about having this year a first class, well cultivated vegetable garden, stocked with the best varieties of culinary roots and plants.

It will be well for every living man and woman, every where, of all avocations and professions, to keep constantly in mind the truths that an hour's work or so each day in the garden is as healthful and pleasant exercise as any they can take, and at the same time the most profitable investment they can possibly make of their labor. And further, that the judiciously planted and thoroughly cultivated garden will afford fully one half the food necessary for any family, large or small, at just about fifty per cent. less than the cost of the other half—come from whatever source it may.

The man, woman or child whose daily food is quite one half the fine crisp, sweet, vegetable offerings of the home kitchen garden, is far better and more cheaply fed, healthier, happier and longer lived than those always gorged with everlasting stews, broils, roasts, fries, and fricassees of meats and poultry, or surfeited and sickened with absurd dainties in the shape of pies, pastry, tarts, omelets, sponge cakes, spices, and all the hundred and one fashionable contrivances to kill.

The requisites of a good kitchen garden are good ground, well prepared, good seeds of all good sorts of vegetables, and thorough culture—most important of all, good seeds. Without these, all enriching of land is money wasted, all cultivation labor thrown away.

The practice of making the main dependence on home grown and saved seeds, is in the majority of instances a practical error. It is possible certainly, in infrequent instances, for the farmer or mechanic cultivating a kitchen garden to save from it seeds equal to, or perhaps superior to very many that are annually sold at country stores, and by irresponsible seedsmen, for first class seeds. But as in a very large majority of instances the farmer, market gardener and mechanic have neither the time or tact to select the best seeds and save them in the best condition, the better and cheaper plan is to procure the supply always from seedsmen having reputations that they would not be in the least likely to sacrifice by selling spurious or inferior seeds. There are such seedsmen in all our cities and larger towns, all over the country, men whose growing, gathering and putting up of seeds is a science, who making that science a specialty, are able to afford us seeds more reliable and of better quality than we shall, as a rule, be able to gather from vegetables grown for the table. These seedsmen are readily found by every one through their advertisements in reliable agricultural and miscellaneous journals, and we may set it down as a rule almost without an exception, that the seedsman who in these days of universal progress does not advertise his wares, is as little to be relied on as his seeds.

SPRING PLOUGHING.

Our ambition to be first, often enough leads us into agricultural errors—not quite so frequently as the practice of being everlastingly behind hand certainly—still, in so many instances, that while the very large majority of agricultural teachers are all the time preaching "*come up*" to farmers, there are a good many ambitious cultivators of the soil who require "*Whoa there—hold up,*" occasionally.

In no one thing, perhaps, does the farmer's ambition to be ahead of time and his neighbors so frequently run him into error, as in the matter of spring ploughing.

As the season is at hand when in many parts of the country ploughs will be thrust into the soil, a few words upon the subject of premature ploughing will perhaps be in place just here.

We have already seen four ploughs in operation this season—two of them, the proprietors informed us, preparing the land for a crop of oats. We thought, preparing it for a fit of prostration that it would not be very likely to recover from much before dog days. Here and there, there were actually shallow surface puddles, through which the plough was run, and every where, all through the field, the furrows fifteen minutes old were little canals of running water.

In the other two instances, one field was intended for corn, and the other for miscellaneous truck—in both, the plough was wedging the world asunder, compressing the "land side" like a patent press brick, and turning over furrows of earth saturated with water to that degree that the polished surface glistened in long lines, like a new silk hat.

Now as the philosophy and object of all ploughing, and all manner of disturbing the surface of the soil, looking to a condition of wholesome tilth, is the disintegration, separation and changing the relative position of particles, it will easily enough be understood by every farmer who will allow himself three minutes to stop and think, that this splitting apart the soil in a *doughy*, semi-mortar, or saturated condition, instead of separating particles, beyond the main division, he has only packed them a great deal closer together, and literally made a brick yard, when his honest intention was a garden.

Lands thoroughly underdrained, or indeed lands without any drainage whatever, may be ploughed advantageously in any season, whenever they are found in a condition that the upturned furrow falls readily from the mold board into a disintegrated mass, as if the plough were passing through an ash heap, or sand bank; but *muggy*, sodden soils, saturated with water, are only worse murdered by premature ploughing. Under all such circumstances, farmers will do far better to turn their ambition in some other direction for a week, or even two or three weeks, until their semi-fluid fields are in a more suitable condition to put in the plough.

SPRING MANURING.

Notwithstanding the fact that every editor of every agricultural paper in the country, a great many of the miscellaneous journals, a whole agricultural corps of able practical contributors to farm journals, and Common Sense herself to back them, have been dinging industriously at farmers all through the past year to prepare manures during the fall and winter for spring use, the probability is that one above one in every fifty-five farmers throughout the whole length and breadth of the country has heeded the advice an atom.

In a recent two days' drive through what is reputed a first class farming territory, we saw but three compost heaps—only one in which swamp muck had been treated and prepared as a fertilizer in any manner, and in no instance any preparation of stable and barn yard manures to fit them for active field service. Our private agricultural correspondence is a rather wide one, extending from the country of the *habitans* of Lower Canada to the Rio Grande—from West Chester to Washington Territory, and in no direction do we hear that the farmers have progressed in the preparation of their spring manures any further than those of the region lately visited.

"O ye of little faith!" Why don't you move? "Make hay while the sun shines," and manures during your days of fall and winter leisure.

It is a safe conclusion that three-fifths of all the home-made fertilizing material produced in the United States is either wasted from neglect, or as ruinously lost by its application to the soil in a slovenly, unassimilable form. What sense is there, fellow farmers, think you, in piling on to your fields at the eleventh hour cart loads and cords of raw, rank, fiery, furious stable or barn-yard manure that vegetation will no more take hold of than you would of a small-pox or cholera patient? Not an atom of use in it—money and material thrown away.

If you have neglected all the manure sermons thus far, the best thing left for you now is to pitch into the manure piles and barn-yard accumulations at once. Pitch them over and over, topsy turvy, treat them with absorbents, give ashes, lime, loam, refuse salt, air, activity—make them acceptable to vegetation. A great deal can be done yet, between this and planting time. Better do it than to buy foreign trash, and let your home material go to waste.

RECEIPTS.

Original.

A VERY good substitute for rice may be had by every farmer who has a wheat-field. First, wash the wheat, carefully picking out all foreign matter, or impaired kernels; then cover it with tepid water, and let it stand five hours, then pour into hot water, and boil five hours; dress with a sauce of sugar and butter, or sugar and cream. It can also be used for griddle cakes the same as rice, and is by many considered preferable.

A good breakfast, or side dish, can be made of a chicken nicely fricasseed, with soda-biscuit sliced hot, then a gravy of milk, seasoned with butter, and slightly thickened with flour, poured over it. It is far superior to a pie, and much easier made.

THE remnants of turkey, picked fine, with a rich butter gravy poured over slices of bread toasted brown, make a dish that would find favor with an epicure.

CUP BROUILLES.

Eggs poached unbroken, then laid on bread toasted to a rich brown; and butter heavily each slice of bread the exact size of the egg.

SCOLLOPED POTATOES.

Potatoes boiled, then mashed fine, and seasoned with milk, butter, and salt; to mold them, put into a scolloped tin, and bake in a quick oven fifteen minutes.

RICH BREAD PUDDING—BOILED.

Half pound stale bread soft with milk, ½ pound beef suet chopped fine, ½ pound currants and raisins mixed, 2 cups flour, 2 eggs, made into batter sufficiently stiff for a spoon to stand upright; flour the inside of the bag, give it room to rise; boil one hour and half. Sauce—two eggs beaten to lightness, with brandy and sugar.

WHITE MOUNTAIN CAKE.

Six eggs, whites and yolks, beaten separately, one cup of sour cream, one cup butter, one teaspoonful soda, two cups white sugar; season according to taste; the butter whipped to cream, baked in thin cakes of the same size, between each layer (six or eight required for the cake) place a heavy frosting, and when finished, cover the whole with a thick coating. A very good frosting is made of the whites of three eggs, whipped to a froth, with five spoonsful white sugar, whipped again, adding five more, and so on till sufficiently stiff. Lemon is nicer for frosting than anything else; it hardens, as well as seasons.

Selected.

CHARTREUSE OF VEGETABLES.—Line a plain mould with bacon or cooked ham, have ready half cooked carrots, turnips, string beans cut long—all the same length, place them prettily round the mould until you get to the top, fill in the middle with mashed potatoes, or spinach nicely cooked and seasoned, or some veal forcemeat; put it on to steam, turn it out, and put asparagus round it, or baked whole tomatoes, as a garnish.

ASPARAGUS FORCED.—Scoop out the crumb of three or four French rolls, preserving the piece cut from the top, which will have to be fitted on to the part it was cut from; put into a pan with some fresh butter, the rolls, and fry them brown, beat up with a pint of cream, the yolks of six eggs, flavor with some grated nutmeg and a little salt, put it into a stew-pan, and over a slow fire, let it gradually thicken, stirring it all the time.

Have ready the tops of a bundle of asparagus, and having boiled them tender put them into the cream and fill the rolls with the mixture, reserving a few tops to stick in each roll by way of garnish.

CABBAGE.—The green savoy is best for boiling. Before cooking cut the head in half and pour boiling water on it to prevent the disagreeable odor which arises from cooking. Cabbage is best boiled with the broth from salt meat, and is a nice accompaniment to corned beef. It requires an hour slow simmering, and must be skimmed constantly while cooking. If not cooked with salt meat broth, put some salt in the water.

CAULIFLOWER.—Select those that are close and white and of the middle size, trim off the outside leaves, cut the stalk off flat at the bottom, let them lie in the salt and water an hour before you boil them. Put them into boiling water with a handful of salt in it; skim it well, and let it boil slowly until done, which a small one will be in fifteen or twenty minutes, take it out the moment it is done, as more boiling will spoil it, and pour over it some nice drawn butter. Serve hot. Broccoli is prepared in the same way.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 27 letters.
My 1, 5, 26, 15, is a girl's name.
My 2, 18, 4, 24, 19, 1, 14, are free.
My 3, 16, 10, 9, 6, 2, 15, is one of the United States.
My 4, 1, 19, 8, 4, 9, 6, is one of the United States.
My 5, 15, 8, 20, 18, is one of the United States.
My 6, 22, 4, 1, 12, 7, is what the ladies are sometimes called.
My 7, 13, 11, 23, 19, 16, was a prominent rebel.
My 8, 3, 17, 10, 12, 1, is a puzzle.
My 21, 16, 18, 12, 1, is a male relative.
My 25, 20, 18, 12, 13, 14, 6, 5, is a terror to foreign nations.
My 27, 9, 16, 4, 1, 8, is one of the leading "Sewing Machines."
My whole is found in every number of the "Post." J. M. W.
Elizabeth, Jo. Daviess Co., Ill.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 14, 6, 11, 12, is a frozen vapor.
My 10, 6, 3, is a river in North Carolina.
My 13, 8, 10, 11, 16, is a town in Ohio.
My 3, 11, 12, 8, is a state.
My 4, 3, 8, 13, 17, is an island in Lake Superior.
My 11, 6, 15, 5, 17, 8, is a lake in New York.
My 17, 11, 1, 15, 3, is a city in Delaware.
My 9, 7, 3, 15, is a consuming element.
My 10, 11, 15, is a part of the foot.
My 4, 2, 1, 15, is a verb.
My whole is the name of a lady contributor for the Saturday Evening Post.
Mopodore, Ohio. C. M. B.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 5 letters.
Behead me and I belong to the tropics.
Again curtail and I am what all do.
My 1, 4, 5, is worn by men and boys.
My 2, 3, 1, belongs to labor.
My 1, 2, 5, is a pronoun.
My whole is a grain. EMILY.
Baltimore, Md.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An article of clothing.
A man's name.
A Roman Goddess.
A boy's nickname.
A numeral.
A large city of Europe.
My initials and finals form two large rivers.
S. H. G.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required—what weight a cylindrical pillar of oak 12 feet long and 8 inches in diameter can support, the pressure being at the edge of the top. JAMES M. GREENWOOD.
Pandville, Adair Co., Mo.
☞ An answer is requested.

Geometrical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Through a certain sphere, two planes, which are parallel to each other, are passed, making that portion of the sphere between the planes a spherical segment. The radius of the upper base of the segment is 5 feet; the diameter of the lower 16 feet. The altitude of the segment is 2 feet, (i. e. the distance between the two planes.) What is the solid contents of this spherical segment? S. HORACE G.
Cincinnati, O.
☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A round tapering stick of timber whose top and bottom diameters are 40 and 50 inches and its height 6 feet, is to be cut through the extremity of the less diameter and parallel to the tapering direction. Required—the contents of the two parts into which it is divided?
MORGAN STEVENS.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What is the difference between a tunnel and a speaking-trumpet? Ans.—One is hollowed out, and the other is hollowed in.

☞ Why is one's father's nose like a well-trained child? Ans.—Because it is always under a parent's eye.

☞ What is the gentlest kind of spur? Ans.—Whisper.

☞ Why is electricity like the police when they are wanted? Ans.—Because it is an invisible force.

☞ When may a man be said to breakfast before he gets up? Ans.—When a takes a *roll* in bed.

☞ Why was the giant Goliah very much astonished when David hit him with the stone? Ans.—Such a thing had never entered his head before.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—David Glascoe Farragut. CHARADE—Capricorn (cap—rye—corn) DOUBLE REBUS—Lever and wedge (law—Erie—vagabond—egg—Rhine.) MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE—

Fifty.	L.
Naught.	O.
Five.	V.
¼ of "each."	E.
Love.	

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM of Jan. 6th—4 4 9 miles. Morgan Stevens.

Answer to Morgan Stevens's PROBLEM of Jan. 13th—21 min. 54 sec. past 10 o'clock. Morgan Stevens, J. M. Greenwood, Thos. Macauley.

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM of Jan. 13th—1 150,000 lbs. J. M. Greenwood and Morgan Stevens.